

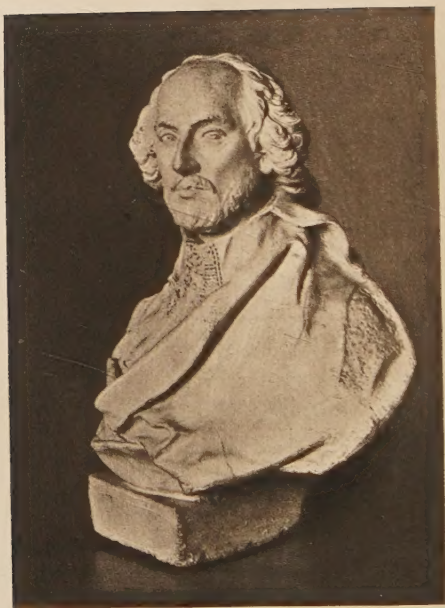
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SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS



THOMAS Y. CROWELL
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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CHARLOTTE PORTER
AND
HELEN A. CLARKE



VOL. VII

RICHARD THE THIRD
HENRY THE EIGHT
TITUS ANDRONICUS



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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE TRAGEDY OF
RICHARD THE THIRD:

WITH THE LANDING OF EARLE
RICHMOND, AND THE BATTELL AT
BOSWORTH FIELD

First printed in Quarto, 1597

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Third Quarto,
1602, but with many variations

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ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘**RICHARD THE THIRD,**’ a tragedy of desperate villainy, marks the conclusion of a train of historical plays beginning with ‘Richard the Second,’ and also the end of the bloody Wars of the Roses.

In Act I the ambitions of Edward IV’s brother, Richard of Gloster, are revealed. This cruel prince plots to succeed to the throne, though he is not in direct line. He compasses the death of his brother Clarence, and sues for the hand of Lady Anne, despite the fact that her father-in-law, Henry VI, and husband, Prince Edward, have been slain by him.

Upon the death of King Edward (Act II), Richard is made lord protector during the minority of the Prince of Wales. He imprisons and executes three noblemen favorable to the prince, and later (Act III) beheads a fourth — Hastings. He confines the prince and his younger brother in the Tower, and is hailed Richard III by his fellow-plotters.

His mainstay, Buckingham, hesitates to murder the two princes, according to the desire of Richard (Act IV), and, being further disaffected, seeks to join with Henry, Earl of Richmond, an enemy of Richard’s. Buckingham is seized and slain. The two princes and Queen Anne are likewise put to death.

In Act V the forces of Richard and Richmond meet

RICHARD THE THIRD

on Bosworth Field. Richard is defeated and slain. The victor is crowned Henry VII, and by marriage with Elizabeth of York unites the rival houses and closes the Wars of the Roses.

SOURCES

The original frame-work for Shakespeare's play is found in Sir Thomas More's 'History of King Richard the Third.' More was lord chancellor to Henry VIII and wrote his account in 1513, before some of the characters had passed away. The account ends soon after the murder of the princes. Grafton was the next writer to follow More and continue the subject. Holinshed and Hall, in their 'Chronicles,' also hark back to More, and all agree in painting Richard in the dark colors used by Shakespeare. The dramatist follows the second edition of Holinshed, copying an error which is printed in that edition only. The part played by Queen Margaret and the wooing of Anne are fictitious. Ghosts are brought in to haunt Richard before the battle, instead of the devils of Holinshed. Beyond these differences, Shakespeare adhered closely to his originals, paraphrasing historic fact into poetic tragedy.

The dramatist was indebted very slightly, if at all, to a preceding play on the same subject, with title: 'The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. . . . 1594.'

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This title shows that the early play was necessarily along the same lines pursued by Shakespeare, but in only two places are there direct parallels — the ghosts and Richard's cry, 'A horse, a horse!'

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period lasts from May, 1471, the obsequies of Henry VI, to August 22, 1485, the battle of Bosworth Field.

The stage time covers eleven days, with intervals suggesting one month, as follows: Day 1, Act I, scenes i and ii. Interval. Day 2, Act I, scenes iii and iv, Act II, scenes i and ii. Day 3, Act II, scene iii. Interval. Day 4, Act II, scene iv. Day 5, Act III, scene i. Day 6, Act III, scenes ii-vii. Day 7, Act IV, scene i. Day 8, Act IV, scenes ii, iii, and iv. Interval. Day 9, Act V, scene i. Interval. Day 10, Act V, scenes ii and iii. Day 11, remainder of play.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'Richard the Third' was conjecturally written about 1594. It falls between the incorporation of 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke' into the Third Part of 'Henry the Sixt' and 1597. In John Weever's 'Epigrams,' printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the twenty-second epigram, addressed 'Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare,' makes mention of 'Romeo' and 'Richard,' and Richard III seems intended.

Internally the play is connected with 'Henry the Sixt,' but shows a more decided Marlowan influence than any other. Richard may profitably be compared with Tamburlaine or the Jew of Malta in his blood-

RICHARD THE THIRD

thirstiness and position in the center of the stage; the other characters seem mere backgrounds for the display of his villainy, of which he himself boasts. The play is in blank verse throughout, although others of the period contain occasional prose and rhyme. Other Marlowan traits mark it as a unique link between two distinct schools of writing.

EARLY EDITIONS

A Quarto edition of 1597 was the earliest appearance of the play. The title-page read:

‘The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Angell. 1597.’

A Second Quarto appeared in 1598, with the same text and title, except ‘By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise,’ etc.

A Third Quarto, of 1602, was ‘Newly augmented by William Shakespeare.’

Five other Quartos appeared, in 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, and 1634. The text of the entire eight is essentially the same.

Two Folio editions were printed, with the title: ‘The Tragedy of Richard the Third: With the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.’ The First Folio of 1623 gives the play in thirty-two pages, under histories, from page 173 to

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page 204, inclusive. It is divided into acts and scenes, but omits the long list of characters, which was later given by Rowe.

The Folio version differs in many ways from the Quarto, and editors are divided in their opinion as to which has the greater authority. The Folio gives nearly two hundred lines which are not found in the Quarto, while the Quarto shows several readings of its own. The Folio bears evidence of editorial revision other than Shakespeare's, and is better in its stage directions. The repetition of certain errors peculiar to the Third Quarto indicates that this was the text followed by the First Folio. But all the Quartos were poorly executed, and the Folio itself was more than usually marred in its mechanical dress.

THE TRAGEDY OF
RICHARD THE THIRD:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell
at Bosworth Field.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,* } *sons to the King.*

RICHARD, *Duke of York,*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.,* } *brothers to the King.*

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GRAY, *sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, *called also Earl of Derby.*

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR EDWARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.*

Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London, Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son
to Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*

A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other attendants; a Pursuivant, Scriveners, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and
the Battell at Bosworth Field.



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*London. A street.*]

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung up for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. 10
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.

4. *Son: sun-Rowe.*

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
 I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loves Majesty,
 To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, 20
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, un-finish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
 Have no delight to passe away the time,
 Unlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover, 30
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 I am determin'd to prove a Villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
 Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
 By drunken Prophetes, Libels, and Dreames,
 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up: 40
 About a Prophetie, which sayes that G,
 Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
 Dive thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
 That waites upon your Grace?

28. see: spy—Qq.

Cla. His Majesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th'Tower

Rich. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*. 50

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.

O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophetesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, 60
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moov'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee.
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship, 70
Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hustings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man secure

46-8. 3 ll. ending Majesty, appointed, Tower—POPE:

54. *should*: shall—QQ. 56. *but*: for—QQ. 65. *Hath*: Have—QQ. 4F.

69. *tempts* .. *barsb*: *tempers*, *barsb* out—1Q.

71. *Woodeulle*: *Woodville*—2-4F. QQ.

75. *there is no man securc*: there's no man is secure—CAPELL.

But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie, 80
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Livery.
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference 90
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not jealous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this? 100

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to
doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

78. *you: ye*—1-6Q.79. *for her delivery: to her for his*—Qq.87. *our: this*—Qq.91. *your: his*—Qq.92. *and: an't*—POPE. 103-6. 3 ll. ending fellow, one, lord—Qq.105. *to do: he do*—1-6Q.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear

Your Conferenee with the Noble Duke. 110

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abjects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I wil unto the King,

And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,

Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,

I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,

Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, 120

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Meane time, have patience.

Cla. I must perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:

Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven,

If Heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes heere? the new delivered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord. 130

Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:

But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

108. *do:* out-QQ. 108-10. 2 ll. ending *withal*, duke-CAPELL.

110. *Conferenee:* misprint 1F. only.

132. *this:* the-1-2Q.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty. 141

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evill Diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greevous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed? 150

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heaven.
Ile in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy, 160
And leave the world for me to bussle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,

140. *Eagles:* eagle-QQ. 141. *Whiles .. play:* While .. prey-QQ.

146. *S. John, that:* Saint Paul, this-QQ.

150. *Where:* What-I-6Q.

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to Market: 169
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and raignes,
 When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same. Another street.*]

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt [Gentlemen] with
 Halberds to guard it, | Lady Anne being the
 Mourner. |*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
 If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
 Whil'st I a-while obsequiously¹ lament ¹*funereally*
 Th'untimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
 Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
 Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
 Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood, 10
 Be it lawfull that I invoke thy Ghost,
 To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
 Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
 Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
 I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.
 O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
 Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
 Cnr sed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
 More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch 20
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,

17. O: out-QQ. these holes: these fatal holes-I-2Q.

19. Cnr sed: misprint 1F.

22. to Wolves, to Spiders: to adders, spiders-QQ.

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
 If ever he hath Childe, Abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnaturall Aspect
 May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
 And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse.
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him, 30
 'Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
 Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
 Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
 And still as you are weary of this waight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down.

An. What blacke Magitian conjures up this Fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
 Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes. 41

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Unmanner'd Dogge,
 Stand'st thou when I commaund:
 Advance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
 Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
 And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
 And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Divell. 50
 Avant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;

30-1. *More miserable .. Then .. young: As miserable .. As ..*
 poor-Qq.

34. *this: the-Qq.*

43-4. 1 l.-Qq.

44. *Stand'st: stand-1-6Q.*

Thou had'st but power over his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not have: Therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Divell,

For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries. 60

Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales¹ this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and unnaturall, ¹ *draws forth*
Provokes this Deluge most unnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke, 71
As thou dost swallow up this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when divels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman) 81
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

55-6. 1 1.-Qq.

76. *nor law: no law* -Qq.

66. *Deeds: deed*-Qq.

82. *Crimes: evils* -Qq.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of these knowne evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant, 90
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe;
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:
But dead they are, and divellish slave by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is alive. 100

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
Queene *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltlesse Shoulders.

An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries: 110
Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye.

84. *of man:* of a man-2-4F.QQ.

85. *Of:* For-QQ.

89-91. 2 ll. ending make, thyself-QQ. 93. *shalt:* shouldst-QQ.

95. *That:* Which-QQ. 97. *Then say they were not slaine:* Why
then they are not dead-QQ.

101. *bands:* hand-QQ.

102-3. 1 l.-QQ.

108. *That:* Which-QQ.

110. *That .. dream'st:* Which .. dreamt-QQ.

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.

An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe¹ to send him thither:
¹ *helped* 120

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,

To leave this keene encounter of our wittes, 130

And fall something into a slower method.

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths

Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henric* and *Edward*,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide, 140

These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure that beauties wrack,

113-14. 1 l.-Qq.

117. *better*: *fitter*-Qq.

131. *something*: *somewhat*-Qq.

135. *was't*: *art*-Qq.

137. *that*: *which*-Qq.

141. *rent*: *rend*-Qq.

142. *not endure that*: *never endure sweet*-Qq.

You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrell most unnaturall, 150
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

An. His better doth not breath upon the earth.

Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.

An. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet.*

An. Why that was he. 160

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*

Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

Rich. Never came poyson from so sweet a place.

An. Never hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death. 172

Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawne salt Teares;
Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:

147-8. 1 l.-Qq.

151, 157. *thee: you*-Qq.

153. *kill'd: slew*-Qq.

154. *the: thee*-Qq. 4F.

163-4. 1 l.-POPE. 168. *mine: my* -Qq. 174. *Aspects: aspect*-Qq.

These eyes, which never shed remorsefull teare,
 No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
 Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death, 180
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
 And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
 My Tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She lookes scornfully at him. 191

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly begge the death upon my knee.

He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King *Henrie*, 201
 But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
 Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on.

She fals the Sword.

Take up the Sword againe, or take up me.

188. *word*: words-QQ.

192. *lip* .. *it was*: lips .. they were-QQ.

196. *brest*: bosom-QQ.

200. *at with*: at it with-2-4F.

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

An. I have already. 210

Rich. That was in thy rage:

Speake it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

An. Well, well, put up your Sword. 220

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope.

An. All men I hope live so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

[*An.* To take is not to give.]

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Even so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand, 230
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for ever.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,

208. *thy*: the-QQ.

211. *That*: Tush, that-QQ.

213. *This*: That-QQ.

222. *shalt*: shall-QQ.

225-6. bracketed l.-QQ.

226. *my*: this-QQ.

229. *Servant*: suppliant-QQ.

233. *may please you*: would please thee-QQ.

234. *most*: more-QQ.

And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,
For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you, 240
Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farwell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have saide farewell already.

Exit two [Tressel and Berkeley] with Anne.

[*Glo.* Sirs take up the corse.]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord? 250

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Coarse

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour wonne?
Ile have her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by, 259
Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Divell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!

235. *House: Place—Qq.*

249-50. bracketed l.—Qq.

259. *my: her—Qq.*

261. *no Friends .. withall: nothing .. at all—Qq.*

Hath she forgot alreadie that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
 A sweeter, and a lovelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
 Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
 The spacious World cannot againe affoord: 271
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
 On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
 On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
 My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!¹ 1 *a coin*
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life she findes (although I cannot)
 My selfe to be a marv'llous proper man. 280
 Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
 And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
 To study fashions to adorne my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with my selfe,
 I will maintaine it with some little cost.
 But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Grave,
 And then returne lamenting to my Love.
 Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glasse,
 That I may see my Shadow as I passe. *exit.*

272. *abase*: *debase*-7-8Q.276. *halts*, .. *mishapen*: *halt* .. *unshapen*-QQ.282. *a score*: *some score*-QQ.

Scena Tertia.

[*The palace.*]

Enter the Queene Mother [Elizabeth], Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Majesty Will soone recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse, Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort, And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
If he were dead, what would betide on me? 10

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son, To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glouster*, A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry. 20

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have bin

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

8. *eyes*: words—Qq. 9. *on*: of—Qq.; l. repeated in 1 F. only.

12. *barmes*: harm—Qq. 15. *Ab*: Oh—Qq.

22. *comes the Lord*: come the lords—1-2 Q.

26. *prayer*: prayers—Qq.

Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loves not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleewe 30
The envious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement 41
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne¹ them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height. ¹ *summon*

Enter Richard [Hastings and Dorset].

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines unto the King,
Thar I (forsooth) am sterne, and love them not? 50
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

32. *on: in*-QQ.

35. *Qu.: given to Riv.*-QQ.

41. *I Madam: Madam, we did*-QQ.

42-3. *Betweene .. betweene: Betwixt .. betwixt*-QQ.

46. *beight: highest*-QQ.

49. *Who is it: Who are they*-QQ. *complaines: complain*-8Q.

50. *Thar: That*-2-4F.

53. *looke: speak*-QQ.

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge,
 Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
 I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
 With silken, slye, insinuating Jackes?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace: 61
 When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
 (Whom God preserve better then you would wish)
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while, ^{1 vile}
 But you must trouble him with lewd¹ complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
 The King on his owne Royall disposition,
 (And not provok'd by any Sutor else) 70
 Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
 That in your outward action shewes it selfe
 Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
 Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
 That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
 Since everie Jaeke became a Gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
 Gloster |

59. *With:* By-QQ.

60. *Grey:* given to *Riv.*-QQ. *who:* whom-QQ.

64. *Grace:* person-QQ.

69. *on:* of-QQ.

72. *That .. action:* Which .. actions-QQ.

73. *Children:* kindred-1Q. *Brothers:* brother-QQ.

74. *that he may learne the ground:* that thereby he may gather |
 The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it-1-5Q.

77. *Jaeke:* Jack-2-4F.

You envy my advancement, and my friends: 80
 God grant we never may have neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you. |

Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
 My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
 Held in contempt, while great Promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those
 That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.¹

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
 From that contented hap which I injoy'd; ^{1 a coin}
 I never did incense his Majestie 90
 Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull injurie,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.² ^{2 suspicions}

Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane
 Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord, for——

Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knowes not so?
 She may do more sir then denying that:
 She may helpe you to many faire preferments, 100
 And then deny her ayding hand therein,
 And lay those Honors on your high desert.
 What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Riv. What marry may she?

Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
 A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
 I wis³ your Grandam had a worser match. ^{3 know}

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I have too long borne

80. *friends: friends'*—KNIGHT.

82. *I: we*—QQ.

85. *while great: whilst many fair*—QQ. 95. *meane: cause*—QQ.

102. *desert: deserts*—QQ.

103. *I marry: yea, marry*—QQ.

106. *and: out*—QQ.

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
 By heaven, I will acquaint his Majestie 110
 Of those grosse taunts that oft I have endur'd.
 I had rather be a Countrie servant maide
 Then a great Queene, with this condition,
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
 Small joy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret [behind].

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
 Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
 [Tell him and spare not: looke, what I have said,]
 I will avouch't in presence of the King: 120
 I dare adventure to be sent to th'Towre.

'Tis time to speake,
 My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Divell,
 I do remember them too well:
 Thou killd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
 And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
 I, or your Husband King:
 I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: 130
 A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
 A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
 To royalize his blood, I spent mine owue.

III. *Of .. that oft I: With .. I often—Qq.*

114. *so baited, .. stormed: thus taunted, .. baited—Qq.*

117. *bim: thee—Qq.* 119-20. bracketed l.—Qq.

120. *avouch't: avouch—Qq.* 122-3. 1 l.—Qq. 124-5. 1 l.—Qq.

125. *do: out—Qq.* 126. *killd'st: slewest—Qq.*

128-9. 1 l.—Qq. 129. *I, or: Yea, or—1Q,*

133. *spent: spilt—Qq. owue: misprint 1F. only.*

Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget 140
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Jesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God revenge. 150 ^{1 side}

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie,¹ for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine; 150
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. [*Eliz.*] As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King, 161
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

134. *I:* Yea-QQ. 134-5. 1 l.-QQ. 141. *this:* now-QQ.

145. *I:* Yea-QQ. 152. *Higb .. this:* Hie .. the-QQ.

156. *Sovereigne:* lawful-QQ. 159. *thereof:* of it-QQ.

162. *you may:* may you-QQ.

Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
 For I am shee, and altogether joylesse:
 I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]
 Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
 In sharing that which you have pill'd¹ from me:
 Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
 If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects; 170
 Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
 Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. ¹*pillaged*
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my
 sight? |

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
 That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?
Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
 Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
 A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
 And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance: 180
 This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
 And all the Pleasures you usurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
 When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
 And with thy scornes drew'st Rivers from his eyes,
 And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clowt,
 Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland*:
 His Curses then, from bitterness of Soule,
 Denounc'd against thee, are all falne upon thee:
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed. 190

Qu. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
 And the most mercillesse, that ere was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

169. *off:* of-QQ.2-4F.

172. *Ah:* O-7Q.

170. *am:* being-QQ.

181. *This:* The-QQ¹.

Dors. No man but prophecied revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q.M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you all your hatred now on me?

Did *Yorke*s dread Curse prevaile so much with Heaven,

That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death, 201

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?

Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?

Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.

Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,

As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,

For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,

Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence. 210

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched selfe:

Long may'st thou live, to wayle thy Childrens death,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,

And after many length'ned howres of griefe,

Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by, 219

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne

Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his naturall age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Have done thy Charme, thou hateful wither'd
Hagge. |

203. *Should*: *Could*-QQ.

206. *Though*: *If*-QQ.

208. *that*: *which*-QQ. 209. *our Sonne*, *that*: *thy son which*-QQ.

213. *death*: *loss*-QQ.

222. *his*: *your*-QQ.

Q. M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for thou shalt heare me. |

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace. 230
The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liv'st,
And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Devills.
Thou elvish mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativitie
The slave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heavie Mothers Wombe, 240
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested—

Rich. Margaret.

Q. M. Richard.

Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse. 249

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your
self. |

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,

235. *while: whilst*—6-8Q.

240. *beavie Mothers: mother's heavy*—QQ.

244. new l. at *Rich.*—Rowe. 246. *did thinke: had thought*—QQ.

Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou move our patience. 259

Q. M. Foule shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Ri. Were you wel serv'd, you would be taught your
duty. |

Q. M. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects:

O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. 269

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-
quesse.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death, 279
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded up.

Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it,

As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

256. *day: time*—IQ.

257. *this: that*—QQ.

274. *touches: toucheth*—QQ. 275. *I: Yea*—QQ. 284. *is: was*—QQ.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Urge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still live my sorrowes rage. 290

Buc. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses never passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace. 300
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell have set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me
For my gentle counsell? 310
And sooth the divell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse:

285. *Peace, peace: Have done—Qq.*

288. *my hopes (by you): by you my hopes—Qq.*

290. *that shame: my shame—Qq.* 296. *compasse: misprint IF.*

299. *I will not thinke: I'll not believe—Qq.* 309-10. *1 l.—Qq.*

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent 320
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Mar. [*Q. Eliz.*] I never did her any to my knowledge. |

Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd up¹ to fattening for his paines, ¹ *shut up*
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that have done scath² to us. ² *harm*

Rich. So do I ever, being well advis'd. 331

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischiefes that I set abroad, 341

317. *an end: on end*-1-6Q.

323. *Yet: But*-QQ.

328. *thereof: of it*-QQ.

336. *yours my gracious Lord: you, my noble lords*-CAPELL.

337. *I .. mee: we .. us*-QQ.

338. *We wait upon: Madam, we will attend*-QQ.

I lay unto the greevous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede have cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Gullles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleewe it, and withall whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*.
But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture, 350
Tell them that God bids us do good for evill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the devill.

Enter two murtherers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Vil. [*First Murd.*] We are my Lord, and come to
have the Warrant, |
That we may be admitted where he is. 360
Ric. Well thought upon, I have it heere about me:
[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But sirs be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes
May move your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

343. *who: whom*—2-4F. *cast: laid*—Qq.

345. *Derby, Hastings: Hastings, Derby*—Qq.

346. *tell them 'tis: say it is*—1-6Q. 349. *Dorset: Vaughan*—Qq.

353. *odde old .. forth: old odd .. out*—Qq. 358. *thing: deed*—Qq.

367. *Tut, tut: Tush! Fear not*—Qq. Tush separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues. 369

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

[*London. The Tower.*]

Enter Clarence and Keeper [Brakenbury].

Keep. [*Brak.*] Why lookes your Grace so heavily
to day. |

Cla. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel
me. | 10

Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouster,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Upon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster

369. *go:* come-QQ.

371. *fall:* drop-QQ.

5. *fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights:* ugly sights, of ghastly dreams
-QQ. 10. *I pray you tel me:* I long to hear you tell it-QQ.

15. *There: thence*-QQ.

16. *beavy:* fearful-QQ.

That had befallne us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
 Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling 20
 Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
 O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
 What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.
 Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
 A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd upon:
 Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
 Inestimable Stones, unvaiewed¹ Jewels, ^{1 invaluable}
 All scattred in the bottome of the Sea, 30
 Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
 That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deepe?

Gla. Me thought I had, and often did I strive
 To yeeld the Ghost: but still the envious Flood
 Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth 40
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
 But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
 Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.

23. *O Lord:* Lord, Lord-QQ. 24. *water:* waters-I-5Q.

25. *sights of ugly:* ugly sights of-I-5Q.

26. *Me thoughts:* Methought-QQ.

27. *A:* Ten-QQ.

31. *the:* those-QQ. 34. *That:* Which-QQ. 37. *these:* the-QQ. 4F.

40. *Stop'd:* Kept-QQ.

41. *find:* seek-I-2Q.

43. *Who:* Which-QQ.

44. *in:* with-QQ.

45. *No, no:* O no-QQ.

O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
 I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
 With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
 Unto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
 The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule, 50
 Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
 Who spake alowd: What scourge for Perjurie,
 Can this darke Monarchy affoord false *Clarence*?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
 A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
 Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, false, fleeting,¹ perjur'd *Clarence*,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury: ¹*fickle*
 Seize on him Furies, take him unto Torment.
 With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends 60
 Invirion'd me, and howled in mine eares
 Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
 I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
 Could not beleeeve, but that I was in Hell,
 Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,
 I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
 ('That now give evidence against my Soule)
 For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requits mee. 70
 O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

46-7. *Soule. I: soul, who—Qq.*

48. *sowre: grim—Qq.*

52. *spake: cried—Qq.*

56. *shriek'd: squeak'd—Qq.*

59. *unto Torment: to your torments—Qq.*

61. *me, and: me about, and—Qq.*

65. *my: the—Qq.*

66. *marvell Lord: marvel, my lord—Qq.*

67. *I am affraid (me thinkes): I promise you, I am afraid—Qq.*

68. *Ab Keeper, Keeper, .. these: O Brakenbury, .. those—Qq.*

69. *That: Which—Qq. give: bears—8Q.*

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.
[*Clarence sleeps.*]

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories, 81
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
thou hither. 90

2. [1.] *Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came
hi- | ther on my Legges.

Bra. What so breefe?

1. [2.] 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

75. *Keeper*, .. *a-while*: I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me
-Qq. 83. *Imaginations*: imagination-1-6Q.

85. *betweene* .. *Name*: betwixt .. names-Qq.

89-90. *What* .. *hither*: In God's name what are you, and how
came you hither-Qq.

93. *What so breefe*: Yea, are you so brief-1-2Q.

94. 'Tis .. *tedious*: O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious
-1-2Q. 95. *Let him see our Commission, and talke*: Show him
our commission; talk-Qq.

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
 The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
 I will not reason what is meant heereby,
 Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
 There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes. 100
 Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: Far you well.

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he shall never wake, untill the great Judgement day.

1 Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2 The urging of that word Judgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me. 111

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant,
 But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
 No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him live.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:

99. *from: of-QQ.*

100. *There lies .. there the Keyes: Here are the keys, there sits the Duke asleep-QQ.*

102. *to you my charge: my charge to you-QQ.*

103. *You may sir, 'tis: Do so, it is-QQ.* 104. *Far: fare-2-4F.*

103-4. 1 l.-POPE.

106. *No: hee'l: No; then he will-QQ.*

107. *Why he shall .. untill the great Judgement: When he wakes! why, fool, he shall .. till the Judgement-QQ.*

113 *Warrant: warrant for it-QQ.*

114. *the: out-QQ.*

115. *me: us-QQ.*

118. *and: out-QQ.*

119. *Nay, I prythee .. a little: I pray thee, stay a while-QQ.*

119-21. prose-POPE.

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change, 120
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet within mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

1 When hee opens his purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flyes out. 130

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing,]
it makes a man a Coward: | A man cannot steale, but
it accuseth him: A man cannot | Sweare, but it Checkes
him: A man cannot lye with his | Neighbours Wife, but
it detects him. 'Tis a blushing | shamefac'd spirit, that
mutinies in a mans bosome: It | filles a man full of Ob-
stacles. It made me once restore a | Pursse of Gold
that (by chance) I found: It beggars any | man that
keepest it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit- | ties
for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to |
live well, endeavours to trust to himselfe, and live with-
out it. 144

120. *this passionate humor of mine: my holy humour-QQ.*

121. *one tels: one would tell-QQ.*

123. *Some: Faith, some-QQ.* 126. *Come, he: 'Zounds, he-QQ.*

128. *O: out-QQ.*

129. *When: So when-QQ.*

131. *'Tis no matter: out-QQ.*

133. *What: How-QQ.*

134. *bracketed words-QQ.*

135. *A man .. A man: he .. he-QQ.*

139. *a man: one-QQ.*

140. *(by chance): out-QQ.*

143. *and live: and to live-I-6Q.*

1 'Tis even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Dkue.

2 Take the divell in thy minde, and beleeeve him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall¹ man, that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke? ^{1brace} 151

1 Take him on the Costard,² with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome. ^{2head}

2 O excellent device; and make a sop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou? 161

1 [2] A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 [2] Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble. |

1 [2] My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 [Both] To, to, to—— 170

145. 'Tis: 'Zounds it is—Qq.

146. Dkue: Duke—2-4F.

149. I .. with me: Tut, I .. I warrant thee—Qq.

150. man, .. thy: fellow .. his—Qq.

151. we fall to worke: we to this gear—Qq.

152-3. him on .. throw him into: him over .. we will chop him in—Qq. 155. and: out—Qq. 156. Soft, he wakes: Hark! he stirs: Shall I strike?—Qq.

157. 2 Strike: out—Qq.

158. 1 No, wee'l: Sec. Murd. No, first let's—Qq.

Cla. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends have I offended you?

1 Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence? 180

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest¹ have given their Verdict up

Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,

Before I be convict² by course of Law? ^{1inquest}

To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,

[to have redemption ^{2convicted}

By Christs deare bloud shed for our grievous sinnes,]

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do upon command. 190

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then

Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,

To hurle upon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,

179. *drawne forth among*: call'd forth from out-QQ.

181. *is .. doth*: are .. do-1-2Q. 187. *for any goodnesse*: out-QQ.

187-8. bracketed ll.-QQ.

191. *our*: the-QQ.

192. *Vassals*: vassal-QQ.

193. *Table*: tables-QQ.

194. *Will you*: and wilt thou -QQ.

196. *hand*: hands-QQ.

For false Forswearing, and for murther too:

Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight 200

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'st the Bowels of thy Sov'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?

For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake:

[Why, sirs,] He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I. 211

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,

Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:

He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice was stricke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers love, the Divell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee. 222

Cla. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:

I am his Brother, and I love him well.

If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:

200. *the Sacrament: the holy sacrament—Qq.*

200-1. new l. at To, ending Lancaster—Qq.

205. *was't: wert—Qq.*

210. bracketed words—Qq.

211. *that: this—Qq.*

215. *or: nor—1Q.*

223. *If you do love: Oh, if you love—Qq.*

207. *such: so—Qq.*

210. *you: ye—1-6Q.*

212. *avenged .. the: revenged .. this—Qq.*

221. *Faults: fault—Qq.*

225. *are: be—Qq.*

Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother Glouster hates you. 230

Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.

1 [*Both*] I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
[And charged us from his soule, to love each other,]
He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milstones, as he lessoned us to weepe.

Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harvest: 240
Come, you deceive your selfe,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,
To counsaile me to make my peace with God, 250

229-30. 1 l.-Qq. 235-6. bracketed l.-Qq. 237. *on:* of-1-5Q.

240-1. *Right:* separate l.; new l. at *As*, ending self-CAMBRIDGE.

241. *Come, you deceive your selfe:* Thou deceivest thyself-Qq.

242. *sends us to destroy you heere:* sent us hither now to slaughter thee-Qq.

243. *for he bewept my Fortune:* for when I parted with him-Qq.

244. *And hugg'd:* He hugg'd-Qq.

246. First Murderer's speech given to *Sec. Mur.*-Qq. *when .. you:*

now .. thee-Qq. 247. *earths:* world's-Qq.

248. Second Murderer's speech given to *First Mur.*-Qq.

249. *Have you .. your soules:* Hast thou .. thy soul-Qq.

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
O sirs consider, they that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge 260
Were you in my distresse.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish:
My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
He drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit*
[with the body].

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch: 271
How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands
Of this most greevous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me
not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how slacke you
have beene.

251. are you .. your .. soules: art thou .. thy .. soul-QQ.

252. you will: thou wilt-QQ. 253. O .. they: Ah .. he-QQ.

256. save your soules: ll. 262-3 shifted to follow souls-
STEEVENS (1793). 260-1. as you .. distresse: shifted to follow

l. 266-STEEVENS. 262. no: out-QQ.

273. greevous murther: grievous guilty murder done-QQ.

274-6. 2 ll. ending not, art-QQ. 275. Heaven: heavens-1-5Q.

275-6. you have beene: thou art-QQ.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art. 280
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his buriall:
And when I have my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

[*London. The palace.*]

Flourish.

*Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquisse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham [Grey], Woodvill.*

King. Why so: now have I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heaven, 10
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.

Dorset and Rivers, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,

281. *Well, Ile go bide the:* Now must I hide his—Qq.

282. *Till that the Duke give:* Until the duke take—Qq.

283. *will: must—Qq.*

284. *then: here—Qq.*

10. *more to: now in—Qq.*

11. *made: set—Qq.*

12. *Dorset and Rivers:* Rivers and Hastings—Qq.

14. *soule: heart—Qq.*

Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
 Confound your hidden falshood, and award
 Either of you to be the others end. 20

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect love.

Ri. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
 Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
 You have bene factious one against the other.
 Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Qu. [*Eliz.*] There *Hastings*, I will never more remember |

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, imbrace him: 30

Hastings, love Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of love, I heere protest
 Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so sweare I. [*They embrace.*]

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale thou this league
 With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
 Upon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
 Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me 40
 With hate in those where I expect most love,
 When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
 And most assured that he is a Friend,
 Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
 Be he unto me: This do I begge of heaven,
 When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. *Embrace*

23. *is .. from:* are .. in-QQ.

24. *Nor you:* Nor your-QQ.

28. *There:* Here-QQ.

30-1. 11.-2Rowe.

39. *Upon your Grace:* On you or yours-QQ.

45. *heaven:* God-QQ.

46. *love:* zeal-QQ.

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, unto my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace. 50

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereaigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King, Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Sovereaigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere 61

By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne,

To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:

I hate it, and desire all good mens love,

First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service. 70

Of you my Noble^e Cosin *Buckingham*,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene us.

Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,

50. *blessed: perfect-QQ.*

51-2. 1 l.-QQ.

52. *comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the: comes the noble Duke-*

QQ. 57. *Gloster: Brother-QQ.* 58. *peace: peace-2-4F.*

60. *Lord: liege-QQ.* 61. *Among: Amongst-QQ.*

63. new l. at If-MALONE. *unwillingly: unwittingly-QQ.*

65. *To: By-QQ.*

73. *and you: out; of Dorset: Lord Grey of you -QQ.*

That all without desert have frown'd on me:
 Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soule is any jot at oddes,
 More then the Infant that is borne to night:
 I thanke my God for my Humility. 80

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My Sovereigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, have I offred love for this,
 To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
 Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
 You do him injurie to scorne his Coarse. *all start.*

King. [*Riv.*] Who knowes not he is dead?
 Who knowes he is? 90

Qu. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reverst.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
 And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
 Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
 That came too lagge to see him buried.
 God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
 Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, 101
 Deserve not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go currant from Suspition.

75. not in Qq. or Globe.

87. gentle: noble-Qq.

89-90. 1 l.-Qq.

96. man: soul-Qq.

83. Lord: liege-Qq.

89. King: given to Riv.-Qq.

93. no man in the: no one in this-Qq.

98. bare: bore-Qq. 101. and: but-Qq.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Sovereigne for my service done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unlesse your Highnes heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit (Sovereigne) of my servants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman, 110
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me? 120
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde. 130
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls

107. beare me: grant—Qq.

108. say .. requests: speak .. demand'st—Qq.

114. kill'd: slew—Qq.

115. bitter: cruel—Qq.

116. wrath: rage—Qq. 117. and: at—Qq. 2-4F. bid: bade—Qq.

118. spoke .. spoke: spake .. spake—Qq. 121. at: by—1-6Q.

126. his Garments, .. did give: his own garments, .. gave—Qq.

Have done a drunken Slaughtier, and defac'd
 The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
 And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.
 But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
 Nor I (ungracious) speake unto my selfe
 For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
 Have bin beholding to him in his life:
 Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. 140
 O God! I feare thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
 Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.
 Ah poore *Clarence*. *Excunt some with K. & Queen.*
 • *Rich.* This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,
 How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
 Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
 O! they did urge it still unto the King,
 God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go,
 To comfort *Edward* with our company. 150
Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *excunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The palace.*]

*Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two
 children of Clarence.*

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.

132. *Slaughtier*: misprint 1F. only.

140. *once*: *once*—QQ. 2-4F. *begge*: *plead*—QQ.

143-4. 11.—QQ.

144. *Ab*: Oh—QQ. *Queen*: misprint 1F.

145. *fruits*: *fruit*—QQ.

149. *Come Lords will you go*: But come, let us in—QQ.

4. *Good .. tell us*: Tell me good grandam (*granam*)—QQ.

Daugh. [*Boy*] Why do weepe so oft? And beate
your Brest? |

And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Sonne.

Boy. [*Girl*] Why do you looke on us, and shake
your head, |

And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,

If that our Noble Father were alive? 10

Dut. My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,

I do lament the sicknesse of the King,

As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:

It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:

The King mine Unckle is too blame for it.

God will revenge it, whom I will importune

With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth love you
wel. | 20

Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Unkle Gloster

Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;

And when my Unckle told me so, he wept,

And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:

Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,

And he would love me deerely as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,

6. do weepe so oft? And: do you wring your hands, and-QQ.

9. Orphans, Wretches: Wretches, Orphans-1-6Q.

10. were: be-QQ.

11. both: much-QQ.

15. you conclude, (my Grandam) he: grandam (granam) you
conclude that-QQ.

16. too: to-2-4F. it: this-QQ.

18. earnest: daily-QQ. 24. to it: out-QQ. 29. as a: as his-QQ.

30. Ab! .. shape: Oh .. shapes-QQ.

And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice. 31

He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Unkle did dissemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rivers & Dorset after her.*

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. 40

Ile joyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.

Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, Lament: if dye, be breefe,

That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,

Or like obedient Subjects follow him, 50

To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest have in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:

I have bewept a worthy Husbands death,

And liv'd with looking on his Images:

But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,

Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,

31. *Vizor* .. *deepe vice*: *vizard* .. *foul guile*—Qq.

32. *I: yea*—1-3, 5Q.

39. *Ab: Oh*—Qq.

45. *thy: your*—Qq.

46. *when* .. *gone*: *now* .. *wither'd*—Qq.

47. *that want their sap*: *the sap being gone*—Qq.

51. *nere-changing night*: *perpetual rest*—Qq.

52. *have in*: *have I in*—Qq. 2-4F.

55. *with: by*—Qq.

And I for comfort, have but one false Glasse,
That greeves me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother, 60
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left unmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be unwept. 70

Qu. Give me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was never widdow had so deere a losse. 82

Chil. Were never Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was never Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd,¹ mine is generall.²

¹ *divided in common* ² *total*

59. *That: Which—Qq.*

61. *left: left thee—Qq.*

63. *bands: limbs—Qq.*

64. *Clarence, and Edward: Edward and Clarence—Qq.*

65. *moane: grief—Qq.* 66. *woes: plaints—Qq.* 67. *Ab: Good—Qq.*

76-7. *Ab: Oh—Qq.* 85. *Greefes: moans—Qq.* 86. *is: are—Qq.*

She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:
 I for a *Clarence* weepes, so doth not shee:
 These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so do not they.
 [I for an *Edward* weepe, so doe not they.]
 Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest: 90
 Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
 And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
 That you take with unthankfulnesse his doing.
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungratefull,
 With dull unwillingnesse to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the Royall debt it lent you. 99

Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
 Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
 Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
 Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* grave,
 And plant your joyes in living *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause
 To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
 But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
 Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie, 110
 I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
 I crave your Blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
 Love Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

88. *weepes*: weep—QQ. 2-4F. 89. *so do not they*: and so do I—QQ.

89-90. bracketed l.—QQ.

91. *Power*: pour—1Q. 3-4F.

92. *Lamentation*: lamentations—QQ. 107. *Sister*: Madam—QQ.

109. *helpe our*: cure their—QQ.

113. *breast*: mind—QQ.

Rich. [*Aside*] Amen, and make me die a good old man, |

That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I marvell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heavie mutuall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Love: 120
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reape the Harvest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherisht. and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham? 130

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firme, and true in me. 140

Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:

117. *that: why*—QQ. 119. *beavie mutuall: mutual heavy*—QQ.

123. *bates: hearts*—QQ.

127. *fet: fetch'd*—QQ.

129-30. 1 l.—POPE.

Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.

Madam, and you my Sister, will you go 150
To give your censures¹ in this businesse. *Exeunt.*

[*Ans.* With all our hearts.] ¹*opinion*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who ever journies to the Prince,
For God sake let not us two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction, 160
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

[*London. A street.*]

*Enter one Citizzen at one doore, and another at
the other.*

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

149. *London: Ludlow-QQ.*

150. *Sister: mother-QQ.*

151. *this businesse: this weighty business-QQ.*

151-2. bracketed l.-QQ.

154. *stay at home: stay behind-1Q.*

157. *Prince: King-QQ.*

160. *as: like-QQ.*

161. *Toward London: Towards Ludlow-QQ.*

4. *Good morrow Neighbour: Neighbour, well met-QQ.*

1. Yes, that the King is dead.
 2. Ill newes byrlady, seildome comes the better:
 I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giddy world. 10

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.
 1. Give you good morrow sir.
 3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?
 2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.
 3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.
 1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.
 3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.
 2. In him there is a hope of Government,
 Which in his nonage, counsell under him, 20
 And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
 No doubt shall then, and till then governe well.
 1. So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixt
 Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
 3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
 For then this Land was famously enrich'd
 With politike grave Counsell; then the King
 Had vertuous Unkles to protect his Grace.
 1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
 3. Better it were they all came by his Father: 30
 Or by his Father there were none at all:
 For emulation, who shall now be neerest,
 Will touch us all too neere, if God prevent not.
 O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
 And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:

8. *Yes: Ay* (I)—Qq.

9. *Ill: Bad*—Qq.

10. *giddy: troublous*—1Q.

14. *the: this*—Qq.

20. *Which: That*—Qq.

29-31. *his Father: the father*—Qq.

32. *who shall now: now, who shall*—Qq.

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand; 40
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Untimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserve, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a divine instinct, mens mindes mistrust
Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see 50
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 Marry we were sent for to the Justices.

3 And so was I: Ile beare you company. *Exennt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*London. The palace.*]

*Enter Arch-bishop [of York], yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutchesse.*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

38. *will: shall*-QQ. 39. *are seen: appear*-QQ. 40. *then: the*-QQ.

42. *makes: make*-1-6Q. 45. *hearts: souls*-QQ. *feare: dread*-3-6Q.

46. *You: Ye*-1-6Q. 47. *dread: fear*-QQ. 48. *dayes: times*-1-6Q.

50. *Pursuing danger: Ensuing dangers*-QQ.

51. *Water: waters*-QQ.

54. *Exennt: misprint IF.*

4. *beard: hear*-1-2Q.

4-5. *Stony Stratford and Northampton transposed*-QQ.

5. *they do rest: will they be*-QQ.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost overtane him in his growth. 10

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Unkle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Unkle Glouster,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee. 20
He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. [*Arch.*] And so no doubt he is, my gracious
Madam. |

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could have given my Unkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it. 30

Yor. Marry (they say) my Unkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have beene a byting Jest.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

10. *Ha's*: Hath—Qq.

12. *good Cosin*: young Cousin—Qq.

23. *bis*: this—Qq.

24. *And so .. my gracious Madam*: Why,

Madam, so, no doubt, he is—Qq.

29. *yong*: pretty Qq.

29-30. 1 l.—Qq.

30, 35. *prythee*: pray thee—Qq.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere thou wast borne.

For. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers have eares. 41

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeves me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mess. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners. 50

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Glouster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tyranny beginnes to Jutt¹ ^{1 encroach}
Upon the innocent and awelesse Throne: 60

Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accursed, and unquiet wrangling dayes,

37. wast: wert—Qq.

44. report: unfold—Qq.

45. doth: fares—Qq.

47. thy Newes: thy news then—1Q.

48-50. 2 ll. ending Pomfret, prisoners—Qq.

49. and: out—Qq.

51-3. 2 ll. ending dukes, offence—POPE.

53. Arch.: speech given to Queen—JOHNSON. 55. the: these—Qq.

56. Lord: lady—Qq.

57. ruine of my: downfall of our—Qq.

59. Jutt: jet—Qq.

61. Blood: death—Qq.

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
 My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
 And often up and downe my sonnes were tost
 For me to joy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
 And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
 Cleane over-blowne, themselves the Conquerors,
 Make warre upon themselves, Brother to Brother; 70
 Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O preposterous
 And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
 Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
 Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
 And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
 For my part, Ile resigne unto your Grace 80
 The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
 As well I tender you, and all of yours.
 Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

[*London. A street.*]

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Bucking-
 ham, | Lord Cardinall [Bourchier, Catesby,] with
 others. |*

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
 To your Chamber.

70. *Brother to Brother: blood against blood—Qq.*

71. *Blood to blood: out—Qq.*

73. *earth: death—Qq.*

76. *Stay, I will go: I'll go along—Qq.*

83. *Go: Come—Qq.*

5-6. 1 l.—Qq.

Rich. Welcome decree Cosin, my thoughts Sovereign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Unkle, but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavie. 10
I want more Unkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your
yeers |

Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Unkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends, 21
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Maior [and his train].

Lo. Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Forke*,
Would long, ere this, have met us on the way. 30
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.

14. *No:* Nor-QQ.

21-2. 11.-QQ.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Have taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince 40
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Unto his Princely Brother presently?
If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Ora-
torie |
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, 50
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted 60
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deserv'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:

52. *God forbid: God in heaven forbid*—1-2Q.

55. *great: deepe*—1-2Q.

Oft have I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me? 70

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may. |

Say, Unckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'st best unto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place: 80
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Even to the generall ending day. 90

Glo. [*Aside*] So wise, so young, they say doe never
live long. |

Prince. What say you, Unckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man,

75. *think'st*: seems—I-2Q.

90. *generall ending*: general all-ending—IQ.

With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life. 100
He tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live untill I be a man,
He win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. [*Aside*] Short Summers lightly¹ have a forward
Spring. | ^{1 commonly}

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?
111

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Unckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord. 120

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Yorke. 'Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yorke. I pray you, Unckle, give me this Dagger.

99. *bis*: this-1Q.

110. *Noble*: loving-1-2Q.

103. *And*: An-*THEOBALP*.

112. *deare*: dread-1-2Q.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Unckle, that I know will give,
And being but a Toy, which is no grieve to give. 130

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile give my Cousin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
call me. 140

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Unckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Unckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he gives his Unckle, 150
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What, will you goe unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will have it so.

136. *weightie*: heavy—IQ.

139. *as* repeated, out—I-2Q.

158. *Protector will*: Protector needs will—IQ.

Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare? 160

Yorke. Marry, my Unckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I feare no Unckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heavie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I unto the Tower.

A Senet. Excunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incensed¹ by his subtile Mother, ¹*led on* 171
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter, 180
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
not hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.

165. *And: An-THROBALD.*

173. *perillous: parlous-4F.*

186-7. *Will not bee: what will he-QQ.*

Buck. Well then, no more but this:
 Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off, 190
 Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
 And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the Coronation.
 If thou do'st finde him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
 If he be leaden, ycie, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
 And give us notice of his inclination:
 For we to morrow hold divided Councels, 200
 Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
 His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
 To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
 And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,
 Give Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord. 210

Rich. At *Crosby* House, there shall you find us both.

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
 What shall wee doe, if wee perceive
 Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:
 Something wee will determine:

189-91. 2 ll. ending *Catesby*, *Hastings*—POPE.

196. *tell*: *show*—QQ.

198. *the*: *your*—QQ.

205. *Lord*: *friend*—QQ.

208. *can*: *may*—QQ.

211. *House*: *Place*—QQ.

213-14. 1 l.—QQ.

216-17. 1 l.—QQ.

216. *Head*: *head*, *man*—QQ.

217. *Something* .. *determine*: *Somewhat* .. *do*—QQ.

And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the movcables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest. 220

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.

Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindnesse.

Come, let us suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeun..

Scena Secunda.

[*Before Lord Hastings' house.*]

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. [*Within*] Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
Nights? 10

Mess. So it appeares, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

219. *all:* out-QQ.

220. *was:* stood-QQ.

221. *band:* hands-QQ.

222. *kindnesse:* willingness-QQ.

3. *My Lord, my Lord:* What, ho! my lord-QQ.

4. *knockes:* knocks at the door-QQ.

5. *One from:* A messenger from-QQ.

6. *a:* o'-THEOBALD.

9. *my Lord Stanley:* thy master-QQ.

11. *appeares:* should seem-QQ.

12. *selfe:* lordship-QQ.

13. *What then:* And then-QQ.

14. *Then .. Night:* And then he sends you word-QQ.

He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
 Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
 If you will presently take Horse with him, 20
 And with all speed post with him toward the North,
 To shun the danger that his Soule divines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,
 Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
 His Honor and my selfe are at the one;
 And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
 Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
 Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
 And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple, 30
 To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
 To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
 Were to incense the Bore to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
 Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where he shall see the Bore will use us kindly.

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

40

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:

15. *dreamt, the .. rased off:* dreamt to-night the .. rased his-QQ.

16. *kept:* held-QQ. 20. *you will presently:* presently you will-QQ.

26. *good friend:* servant-QQ. 29. *without:* wanting-1Q.

30. *bee's so simple:* he is so fond-1-3Q.

38. *Ile goe, .. say:* My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say-QQ.

What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeeve will never stand upright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doeſt thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. Ile have this Crown of mine cut from my shoulders, | 50

Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canſt thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, muſt dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene ſtill my adversaries:
But, that Ile give my voice on *Richards* ſide, 60
To barre my Maſters Heires in true Deſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedie.

[I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What, my lord?]
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on't. 69

45. *will*: 'twill-3-8Q.

47-8. 1 l.-Qq.

51. *Before Ile*: Ere I will-Qq.

59. *my adversaries*: mine enemies-Qq. 66. *which*: who-Qq.

67-8. bracketed ll.-Qq.

68. *Well Catesby*: out-Qq. *older*: elder-Qq.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers, Vaughan, Grey*: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
[*Aside*] For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

80

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these severall Councels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And never in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? 90

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London, |

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:

But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.

This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I prove a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

74. *that: who*-QQ.

86. *My Lord*: separate l.-JOHNSON. *as yours: as you do yours*-
QQ.

87. *dayes: life*-QQ.

88. *as: than*-QQ.

92. *states were: state was* (states)-QQ.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:
 Wot you what, my Lord,
 To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded. 100
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their
 Heads, |
 Then some that have accus'd them, weare their Hats.
 But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, ana Catesby.
 How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
 Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
 Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower, 111
 By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
 But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
 This day those Enemies are put to death,
 And I in better state then ere I was. ¹*thank you*
Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Hast. Gramercie¹ fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purse.
Purs. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

120

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your
 Ho- | nor. ²*religious service*
Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
 I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:²

98-9. 11.—POPE.

110. *thou met'st me: I met thee*—QQ.

119. *I thanke your Honor: God save your lordship*—QQ.

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers in his ear.*]

Priest. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine? |

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriving worke in hand. 130

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. [*Aside*] And Supper too, although thou know'st
it not. |

Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*Pomfret Castle.*]

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles [Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan] to death at
Pomfret. |*

[*Ratl.* Come bring forth the prisoners.]

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

126. *Priest .. Lordship:* out-QQ.

132. *The: Those*-QQ.

134. *cannot stay there: shall not stay*-QQ. 136. *Nay: 'Tis*-QQ.

3-4. bracketed l.-QQ.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after. 10

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

Wee give to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is falne upon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne. 20

Rivers. Then curs'd shee *Richard*,

Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for us:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.¹

Rivers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let us here em-
brace. | ¹completed

Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heaven. 30

Exeunt.

7. blesse: keep-QQ.

17. to thee our: thee up our-7-8Q.

19. When .. I: out-QQ.

21-2. 11.-QQ.

21-3. Richard, Buckingham, Hastings: order reversed-QQ.

24. prayer: prayers-QQ.

29. here: all-QQ.

30. Farewell, .. againe in Heaven: And take our leave until we
meet in heaven-QQ.

Scæna Quarta.[*The Tower of London.*]

*Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others,
at a Table.*

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day. 10

Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward¹ with the Noble Duke? ^{1 intimate}

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his
minde.

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in love.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation, 20
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

5. *Now Noble Peeres: My Lords at once—Qq.*

8. *Is all .. ready for the: are all .. fitting for that—Qq.*

12. *Noble: royal—IQ.*

15-16. *We .. for our Hearts: Who, I, my lord! We .. But for our
hearts—Qq.* new l. at But and separate l. Than I of yours—Qq.

17. *Or I of his, my Lord, then: Nor I no more of his than—Qq.*

23. *Honorable: noble—I-2Q.*

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow: |

I have beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe, 30
Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder, |

His Lordship knowes me well, and loves me well.

[*Hast.* I thanke your Grace.]

[*Rich.*] My Lord of *Ely*, [*Bish.* My Lo:] [*Rich.*]
when I was last in *Holborne*, |

I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop. 41

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Drawing him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

27. *In happie time: Now in good time*—Qq.

29. *trust: hope*—1Q.

30. *designe: designs*—Qq.

32. *you not .. Q: not you .. cue (kew)*—Qq.

36-7. bracketed l.—Qq.

37. bracketed words—Qq.

45. *That: As*—Qq.

46. *Child, as worshipfully: son as worshipful*—Qq.

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden, 51
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these Strawberries.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morn-
ing, |

There's some conceit or other likes¹ him well, ¹*pleases*
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's never a man in Christendome 60
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelyhood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

[*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I say.]

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That doe conspire my death with divellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd 70
Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

48. *your selfe a while, .. goe with: you hence, my lord, I'll fol-*
low you—Qq. 51. *my judgement: mine opinion—Qq.*

55. *the Duke of Gloster: protector—Qq.* 55-6. 1 l.—Qq.

57. *this morning: to-day—Qq.*

59. *When that he bids .. such spirit: When he doth bid .. such*
a spirit—Qq. 61. *Can lesser: That can less—8Q.*

64. *livelyhood: likelihood—Qq.* 66-7. bracketed l.—Qq.

Hast. The tender love I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th' Offendors, whosoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the wnesse of their evill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*, 80
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of It's: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, untill I see the same.

Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

*Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.* 90

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:

73. *Princely*: noble-QQ. 74. *whosoe're*: whatsoever-QQ.

76. *their evill*: this ill-QQ. 77. *Looke*: See-QQ.

82. *deed*, my Noble: thing, my gracious-QQ.

84. *Talk'st thou to me*: Tellest thou me-QQ.

93. *rowse our Helmes*: raze his helm-QQ.

94. *And I did scorne it, and disdaine*: But I disdain'd it and did
scorn-QQ. 96. *started*: startled-1-6Q. 98. *need*: want-1-6Q.

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine Enemies 100
 To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I my selfe secure, in grace and favour.
 Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavie Curse
 Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner: |

Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
 Which we more hunt for, then the grate of God!
 Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
 Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Mast, 110
 Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
 Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
 I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
 That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
 Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The Tower-walls.*]

*Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
 marvellous ill-favoured.*

Richard. Come Cousin,
 Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
 Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then againe begin, and stop againe,

100. *too* .. *bow*: 'twere .. at-QQ. 101. *To day*: How they-QQ.

105. *Come, come, dispatch*: Dispatch my lord-QQ.

109. *hope* .. *good*: hopes .. fair-QQ. 118. *what*: that-QQ

3-4. 1 l.-QQ. 6. *againe begin*: begin again-QQ

As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
 Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw: 10
 Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes
 Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
 And both are readie in their Offices,
 At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
 But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme. 20

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Lovell*.

Lovell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
 The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I must weepe:
 I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature, 30
 That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian.
 Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
 The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
 So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
 That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
 I meane, his Conversation with *Shores* Wife,
 He liv'd from all attainer of suspects.¹ ^{1 suspicion}

7. were: wert—Qq.

37. suspects: suspect—Qq.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covertst sheltred Traytor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleewe, 40
Wert not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maïor. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie, 50
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Maïor. Now faire befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore:

[*Glou.*] Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Untill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented; 60
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wayle his death.

42. *it, that: it you, the-QQ.*

45. *Had he done so: What, had he so-QQ.*

48. *in: to-QQ.*

53. *your good Graces: you, my good lords-QQ.*

55. *Buck.: out-QQ.* 57. *given to Glou.-4-8Q. we v t: not we-QQ.*

58. *end: death-QQ.* 60. *meanings: meaning-QQ.* 61. *I: we-QQ.*

63. *Treasons: treason-QQ.* 66. *Misconster: Misconstrue -6Q.4F.*

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serve,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens 70
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 80
Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey. 90
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*; Noble *York*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,

67. words: word-QQ 69. doe not doubt: doubt you not-QQ.

71. case: cause-I-5Q.

73. Censures of the carping: carping censures of the-QQ.

74. Which .. intent: But .. intents-QQ.

80. meetest vantage: meet'st advantage-QQ.

89. raging: lustful-QQ. 90. lusted .. a: listed .. his-QQ.

93. insatiate: unsatiate-QQ.

And by true computation of the time,
 Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
 Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
 Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
 Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives. 100

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
 As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
 Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
 Where you shall finde me well accompanied
 With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
 Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Lovell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*, 110
 [*To Cate.*] Goe thou to Fryer *Peucker*, bid them both
 Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
 Now will I goe to take some privie order,
 To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
 And to give order, that no manner person
 Have any time recourse unto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vi. *The same. A street.*]

Enter a Scrivener [with a paper in his hand].

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
 Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,

95. true: just-QQ.

99. Yet: But-QQ.

100. my Lord, you know: you know, my lord-QQ.

101. Doubt: Fear-QQ.

111. *Peucker*: *Penker*-CAPELL.

113. goe: in-QQ.

115. order, .. no manner person: notice ..
 no manner of person-QQ.

116. Have any time recourse: At any time have recourse-QQ.

That it may be to day read o're in *Paul's*.
 And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
 Eleven houres I have spent to write it over,
 For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
 The Precedent was full as long a doing,
 And yet within these five houres *Hastings* liv'd,
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at libertie. 10
 Here's a good World the while.
 Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
 Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
 When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

[Scene vii. *Baynard's Castle.*]

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
 The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
 And his Contract by Deputie in France,
 Th'unsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
 And his enforcement of the Citie Wives,
 His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie, 10
 As being got, your Father then in France,

4. *to day:* this day—Qq.

6. *I have spent:* I spent—Qq.

7. *sent:* brought—Qq.

9. *Hastings liv'd:* lived Lord Hastings—Qq.

11-12. 2 ll. ending gross, device—Qq.

12. *Who is:* Why, who's Qq. *cannot see:* seeth not—CAMBRIDGE.

13. *who:* who's—1-2Q. *bold:* blind—Qq. 15. *ill:* bad—Qq.

2. *How now, how now:* How now, my lord—Qq.

4. *say:* and speak—Qq.

8. *unsatiate .. desire:* insatiate .. desires—Qq.

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
 Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
 Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
 Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
 Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
 Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
 Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
 Untoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse. 20
 And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
 I bid them that did love their Countries good,
 Cry, God save *Richard*, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
 But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
 His answer was, the people were not used 30
 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale againe:
 Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
 When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
 At lower end of the Hall, hurld up their Caps,
 And some tenne voyces cry'd, God save King *Richard*:
 And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
 Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
 This generall applause, and chearefull showt, 40

19. *your: the-Qq.*

21. *my .. drew toward: mine .. grew to an end-Qq.*

24. *And: Ah!(A,) and-Qq.* 26. *Statues: Statuës-KEIGHTLEY.*

27. *Star'd: Gazed-Qq.* 30. *used: wont-Qq.* 34. *spoke: spake-Qq.*

36. *At lower: At the lower-Qq.* 40. *chearefull; loving-Qq.*

Argues your wisdome, and your love to *Richard*:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
Would they not speake?

[*Buc.* No, by my troth, my Lo:]

[*Glou.*] Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren,
come? |

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant: 50
And be not easily wonne to our requests,
Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.
[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby. 60

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my
request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

41. *wisdome: wisdoms*—1-2Q.

44-5. bracketed l.—Qq.

50. *make: build*—Qq.

55. *we: we'll* Qq. 61-2. *Now .. your Lord to my request: Here*

comes his servant: how now, .. What says he—Qq.

63. *He .. my Noble Lord: My lord, he*—Qq.

43-4. 1 l.—Qq.

49. *betweene: betwixt* Qq.

51. *requests: request*—Qq.

He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
 Divinely bent to Meditation,
 And in no Worldly suites would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
 Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen, 70
 In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,
 No lesse importing then our generall good,
 Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. Ile signifie so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
 He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,
 But on his Knees, at Meditation:
 Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
 But meditating with two deepe Divines:
 Not sleeping, to engrosse¹ his idle Body, ¹ *pamper* 80
 But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
 Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
 Take on his Grace the Soveraigntie thereof.
 But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say us
 nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled

67. *suites*: suit—QQ. 69. *the gracious Duke*: thy lord again—QQ.

70. *Aldermen*: citizens—QQ. 71. *in matter*: and matters—QQ.

74. *signife so .. straight*: tell him what you say, my lord—QQ.

76. *lulling*: lolling—POPE. *Love-Bed*: day-bed—QQ.

82. *vertuous*: gracious—QQ. 83. *his Grace*: himself—QQ.

84. *not*: ne'er (never—QQ.)—CAPELL. 85. *defend*: forbid—QQ.

87. *bere Catesby comes againe*: out—QQ.

89. *Now .. his Grace*: How now .. your lord—QQ.

90. *He*: My lord, He—QQ.

Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him, 91
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfit love,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation. 100

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, tweene two
Clergie | men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable eare to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption 110
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

91. come to: speak with-QQ.

93. He feares, my Lord: My lord, he feares-QQ.

96. we come to him in perfit love: I come in perfect love to him
-QQ. 99. much: hard-QQ.

102. his Grace .. tweene: he stands between-QQ.

109. eare .. requests: eares .. request-QQ.

113. I doe .. your Grace to pardon: I rather do beseech you
pardon-QQ. 115. Deferr'd: Neglect-QQ.

Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this ungovern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I have done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye, 120
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majesticall;
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House, 130
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure,¹ we heartily sollicite ^{1 recover}
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge 140
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.

120. eye: eyes—Qq.

122-3. 1 l.—Qq.

124. On .. your: At .. that—Qq.

126. Know then: Then know—Qq.

129. Deaw: due -3-4F.

132. Whiles: Whilst—1Q.

134. The .. his: This .. her—Qq.

135. His: Her—Qq.

136. His: Her—POPE.

138. darke .. deepe: blind .. dark—Qq.

For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, 150
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soveraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the first, 160
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thankes, but my desert
Unmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my povertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse, 170
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
'Then in my Greatnesse covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left us Royall Fruit,

150. cannot tell, if: know not whether—Qq.

167. the .. of: my .. by—Qq. 170. That I would: As I had—Qq.

175. were there need: if need were—Qq.

Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
 Will well become the Seat of Majestie,
 And make (no doubt) us happy by his Reigne.
 On him I lay that, you would lay on me, 180
 The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice, and triviall,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
 So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
 For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
 Your Mother lives a Witsnesse to his Vow;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd 190
 To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
 These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
 A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
 A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
 Even in the after-noone of her best dayes,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
 To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
 By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince. 200
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
 Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
 This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:

180. *that*: what-QQ.188. *was be*: he was-QQ.189. *his*: that-QQ.192. *put off*: put by-QQ.193. *to a many Sonnes*: of a many children-1Q.196. *wanton*: lustful-QQ.197. *his degree*: all his thoughts-QQ.200. *call*: term-QQ.

If not to blesse us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a Lineall true derived course. 209

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love.

Catesb. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Majestie:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse, 220

Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,

Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King,

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

[*Glo.* O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham.*]

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their
suit: |

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it. 230

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.

213. *this Care:* these cares-1Q.

221. *Kindred:* kin-QQ. 223. *know:* out; *where:* whether-QQ.

228. *we will entreat:* 'Zounds I'll entreat-QQ.

228-9. bracketed l.-QQ.

229. *him .. sweet Prince:* them .. my lord and-QQ.

230. *If you denie them, all:* Do, good my lord, lest all-QQ.

231. *Will .. Cares:* Would .. care-1-2Q.

Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach, 240
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthie King. 250
All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Rich. Come, let us to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

232. *Call:* Well, call—Qq. 233. *entreaties:* entreats—Qq.

236. *and sage:* and you sage—Qq.

238. *where:* whether—CAMBRIDGE.

244. *doth know:* he knows—Qq. 245. *of this:* thereof—Qq.

249. *Royall:* kingly—Qq.

250. *live King Richard,* .. *wortbie:* live Richard, .. royal—Qq.

252. *may:* will—Qq. 253. *for:* since—Qq.

256. *Worke:* task—Qq. 257. *my Cousins:* good cousin—Qq.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*Before the Tower.*]

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, [leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter,] the | Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset. |

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes us heere?

My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both, a happie 10
And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant [Brakenbury].

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, 19
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?

Lieu. [Brak.] Right well, deare Madame: by your
patience, |

I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

4-5. 1 l.-Qq.

8. *Prince: princes*—THEOBALD.

9-11. 2 ll. ending both, *day*—POPE. 23. *strictly: straitly*—Qq.

24. *King? who's: king! why, who's*—Qq.

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them. 30

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes. 40
[*To Anne*] Come Madame, you must straight to
Westminster, |

There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.

Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles, 50
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.

25. I cry you mercy prefixed—Qq. 27. *betweene*: betwixt—Qq.

28. *shall barre*: should keep—Qq.

43. *Ab*: O—Qq.

43-5. 3 ll. ending heart, swoon, news—Qq.

49. *gone*: hence—Qq.

50. *thy*: the—Qq.

Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile,
Madame: |

Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, 60
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by unwise delay.

Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miseric,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose unavoided Eye is murtherous.

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was
sent. |

Anne. And I with all unwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow, 70
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I envie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face, 81
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,

61. *In your behalfe:* out, and welcome you added—Qq.

68. *with: in—Qq.*

69. *O: I—Qq.*

71. *Braines: brain—Qq.*

80. *deare: dead—Qq.*

For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
 And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
 And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
 More miserable, by the Life of thee,
 Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
 Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
 Within so small a time, my Womans heart
 Grossely grew captive to his honey words, 90
 And prov'd the subject of mine owne Soules Curse,
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
 For never yet one howre in his Bed
 Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,
 But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
 And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

Annc. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
 yours. 100

Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Annc. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave
 of it.

Du. Y. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to *Richmond*, & good
 fortune guide thee, |

[*To Anne*] Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend
 thee, |

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good
 thoughts possesse thee, |

I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with mee.

86-7. *More .. Then: As .. As-QQ.*

89. *Within .. small a time: Even in .. short a space-QQ.*

91. *mine: my-I-6Q.*

92. *hitherto hath held mine: ever since hath kept my-QQ.*

94. *Did I enjoy: Have I enjoy'd-QQ.*

95. *with his .. was still awak'd: have been waked by his-QQ.*

99. *with: from-QQ.*

105. *tend: guard QQ.*

Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow have I scene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.¹

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes, 111
Whom Envie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, ^{1sorrow}
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[*London. The palace.*]

*Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe [crowned],
Buc- | kingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel [a Page
and others]. |*

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soveraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*

[*Here he ascendeth his throne.*]

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,

Is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them? 10

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the 'Touch,²
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young *Edward* lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my loving Lord. ^{2touchstone}

Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

116. *Sorrowes*: sorrow—*Rowe*.

6-8. 2 ll. ending advice, seated—*Qq.* 9. *Glories*: honours—*Qq.*

11. *let*: may—*Qq.* 12. *Ab*: O—*Qq.* 14. *speake*: say—*Qq.*

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* lives.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

20

That *Edward* still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buc. Give me some litle breath, some pawse, deare
Lord, |

Before I positively speake in this:

30

I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit Buck.*

Catesby. [*Aside to a stander-by*] The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe. |

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fooles,
And unrespective¹ Boyes: none are for me, ¹*heedless*
That looke into me with considerate² eyes, ²*judging*
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

40

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

17. *Lord: liege*-QQ. 22. *wast: wert*-QQ. 25. *now: out*-QQ.

27. *freezes: freezeth*-QQ.

29. *litle breath, some pawse, deare: breath, some litle pause,*
my-QQ. 30. *in this: herein*-QQ.

31. *you herein presently: your grace immediately*-QQ.

32. *gnawes his: bites the*-1-6Q.

40. *Will: Would*-QQ.

41. *My lord prefixed*-QQ.

42. *spirit: mind*-QQ.

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*

The deepe revolving wittie *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes. 50
Hath he so long held out with me, untyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,

In the parts where he abides. [*Stands aside.*]

[*King.* *Catesby.* *Cat.* My Lord?]

Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous sicke,
I will take order for her keeping close. 60

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

50. *counsails*: counsel-QQ. 52. *Well, be it so*: out-QQ.

54. *Lord Stanley*: out; with you added after news-QQ.

55-6. *Know .. Richmond*: My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's
fled (is fled)-QQ. new l. at To-POPE. 57. *the parts where*:

those parts beyond the sea (seas)-QQ. new l. at Where-POPE.

57-8. bracketed ll.-QQ. 58. *Come hither Catesby*: out-QQ.

59. *very grievous sicke*: is sick and like to die-QQ.

61. *meane poore*: mean-born-QQ. 65. *Queene*: wife-QQ.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
 Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
 Murther her Brothers, and then marry her, 70
 Uncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
 So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
 Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter [Page with] Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you: 80

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
 Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
 Are they that I would have thee deale upon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them,
 And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done, 91

And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

[*Tir.* Tis done my gracious lord.

King. Shal we heare from thee, *Tirrell*, ere we sleep?

Tir. Ye shall, my lord.]

78. *Lord: Sovereign*-1-6Q. 80. *Please you: Ay, my lord*-QQ.

82. *then: there*-QQ. 83. *sleepes: sleep's*-POPE. 88-9. 11.-QQ.

92. *for it: too*-QQ.

93. *Tyr. I.. straight: out*-QQ.

93-4. bracketed 11.-QQ.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. *Stanley*, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke
unto it. 100

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possesse.

Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my just request?

Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy. 110
A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.
[My lord.

King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.

King. *Richmond*, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie showd me the Castle,
And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

96, 107. request: demand-QQ.

97. rest: pass-QQ.

98. the: that-QQ. 100. unto it: to it-QQ. 101. the: your-QQ.

104. Which .. I shall: The which .. I should-QQ.

108. I doe remember me: As I remember-QQ.

111. perhaps: twice-QQ.

112. *Buck.* May .. suit: out-QQ.

112-13. bracketed ll.-QQ. prefixed to 113, Tut, tut-QQ.

Buck. My lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

King. Wel, but whats a clocke?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Whie let it strike?

King. Because that like a Jacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vaine to day.

Buck. Whie then resolve me whether you wil or no?]

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe service
With such contempt? made I him King for this? 115
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,

113. *Tbou:* Tut, tut. *Thou-QQ.*

114. *And is it thus? repayes he my deepe:* Is it even so? rewards
he my true-QQ. 115. *such contempt: such deep contempt-QQ.*

2. *Act: deed-QQ.* 3. *deed: act-QQ.* 5. *who: whom-QQ.* 2-4F.

6. *this peece of ruthfull: this ruthless piece of-QQ.*

7. *Albeit: Although-QQ.*

8. *Melted: Melting-QQ. milde: kind-I-5Q.*

Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes: 10
 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alablastre innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Divell, there the Villaine stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed. 20
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Sovereigne Lord.

Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead. 30

Tir. I did my Lord.

Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

9. to .. Story: two .. stories-QQ.

10. O .. the gentle Babes: Lo .. those tender' babes-QQ.

12. Alablastre: alabaster-8Q.

14. And: Which-QQ.

16. one: once-QQ.

18. When: Whilst-QQ.

21. Hence: Thus-1-2Q.

23. beare: bring-QQ.

25. bealth .. Lord: hail .. liege-QQ.

29. done: done, my lord-QQ.

34. where (to say the truth): how or in what place QQ.

Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit Tyrrel.*] 40

Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* ayms
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord. 50

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Rich-
mond, |
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rash levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggerly: 60

35. *and:* at-1-6Q.

37. *the:* thee-2-4F.

40. *Tir. I .. leave:* out-QQ.

45. *Britaine:* Breton-CAPELL.

48. *go I:* I go-QQ.

50, 53. *Rat.:* Cate.-QQ.

53. *Mourton:* Ely-QQ.

58. *learn'd:* heard-QQ.

36. *When:* And-QQ.

39. *till then:* till soon-QQ.

44. *this:* the-QQ.

47. *on:* o'er (ore)-QQ.

49. *Ratcliffe:* Catesby-QQ.

51. *or bad newes:* news or bad-QQ.

57. *Strength:* army-QQ.

60. *leds:* leads-QQ. 2-4F.

Then fierie expedition be my wing,
 Joves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
 Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
 We must be breefe, when Traitors brave the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Scene iv. *Before the palace.*]

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Heere in these Confines slily have I lurkt,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall. 9
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse [of York] and Queene [Elizabeth].

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
 My unblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets:
 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
 Hover about me with your ayery wings,
 And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hover about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce, 20
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

63. *Go*: Come-QQ.

6. *enemies*: adversaries-QQ.

13. *unblowed*: unblown-QQ. 2-4F.

21. *still and mute*: mute and dumb-QQ.

1. *Scena Tertia*: out-THEOBALD.

12. *poore*: young-QQ.

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe?

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall living ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by life usurpt,
 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes, 31
 Rest thy unrest on Englands lawfull earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Grave,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,

Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of signeurie,

And let my greefes frowne on the upper hand 40

If sorrow can admit Society.

[*Sitting down with them.*]

[Tell ovur^a your woes againe by vewing mine,]

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:

Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;

I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him.

29. *Dead life, blind sight*: Blind sight, dead life—QQ.

33. *innocent*: *innocents'*—QQ. 34. *Ab .. assoone*: O .. as well—QQ.

37. *Ab .. wee*: O .. I—QQ. 38. *reverent*: *reverend*—HANMER.

39. *signeurie*: *seniory*—THEOBALD. 40. *greefes*: *woes*—QQ.

41-2. bracketed l.—QQ. 43. *Husband*: *Harry*—CAMBRIDGE.

47. *hop'st*: *holp'st*—3-8Q. 2-4F. ^a *ovur*: *o'er*—WARBURTON.

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 And *Richard* kill'd him.
 From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept 50
 A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
 Thy wombe let loose to chase us to our graves.
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre
 Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body, 60
 And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
 God witnesse with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
 The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
 Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
 Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*, 70
 And the beholders of this franticke play,
 Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
 Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy soules,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand

48-9. 11.-Qq.

55. *That reignes* .. *soules*: shifted after l. 56- CAPELL.

61. *Pue-fellow*: *pew-fellow*-8Q.

67. *The*: *Thy*-Qq.

70. *stab'd*: *kill'd*-Qq.

66. *kill'd*: *stabb'd*-Qq.

69. *Matcht*: *Match*-Qq.

71. *franticke*: *tragic*-Qq.

Insues his pittious and unpittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To have him sodainly convey'd from hence:

Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray, 80

That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse

That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune: |

I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,

The presentation of but what I was;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:

A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes; 90

A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge

To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot;

A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;

A Queene in jeast, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?

Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Joy?

Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God save the Queene?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?

Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art. 100

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:

For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:

79. *from hence: away-QQ.*

81. *and say: to say-QQ.*

90. *faire: sweet-QQ.*

91. *wast: wert-QQ.*

91-3. transposed in QQ. thus:

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;

96. *be thy two Sonnes: are thy children-1-2Q.*

97. *sues, and kneeles, and sayes: sues to thee and cries-QQ.*

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
 For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
 For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
 For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
 For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 Having no more but Thought of what thou wast. 110
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
 Thou didst usurpe my place, and dost thou not
 Usurpe the just proportion of my Sorrow?
 Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
 From which, even heere I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.
 Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
 These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies. 120

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
 Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:
 Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
 And he that slew them fowler then he is:
 Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
 And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? 130

Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,

103. *For one .. sues:* shifted after l. 104-QQ.

103. *For one:* For she-POPE. 105-7. *For she:* For one-QQ.

108. *whirl'd:* wheel'd-QQ. 110. *wast:* wert-QQ.

115. *wearied head:* weary neck-1-5Q. 118. *shall:* will-QQ.

121. *night,.. day:* nights, .. days-1-2Q. 123. *sweeter:* fairer-QQ.

128-9. 11.-QQ. 131. *Clients:* Client-HANMER.

Ayery succeders of intestine joyes,
 Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
 Let them have scope, though what they will impart,
 Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not 'Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
 My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
 The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard, and his Traine [marching with
 drums and trumpets].* . . . 140

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O she, that might have intercepted thee
 By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
 From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
 Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
 The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd¹ that Crowne,
 And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
 Tell me thou Villaine-slave, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade, ^{1 owned} 150
 Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
 And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings*?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
 Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale women

132. intestine: intestate—Qq.

134. will: do—Qq.

135. nothing els: not at all—1-6Q.

138. that: which—Qq.

139. The Trumpet sounds: I hear his drum—Qq.

141. me in: out—Qq.

143. accursed: misprint IF.

146. Where't .. branded: Where .. graven—Qq.

148. poore: two—Qq.

150-1. 1 l.—Qq.

153-4. Where .. Hastings: Where is kind Hastings, Rivers,
 Vaughan, Grey—Qq.

Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.

Flourish.

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre, 160
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.

Dut. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee 171
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greevous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody, 180

More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:

What comfortable houre canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace

163. *I, I: Ay, I—Rowe.*

166. *That: Which—Qq.*

169. *words: speech—Qq.*

172. *torment and in agony: anguish, pain, and agony—Qq.*

180. *slye, and bloody: bloody, treacherous Qq.*

183. *with: in—Qq.*

184-5. *I l.—Qq.^v*

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
 If I be so disgracious in your eye,
 Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
 Strike up the Drumme.

Dut. I prythee heare me speake. 190

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word:

For I shall never speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
 Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:

Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
 And never more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greevous Curse,
 Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more 200

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
 And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
 Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to
 curse |

Abides in me, I say Amen to her. 209

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I have no more sonnes of the Royall Blood
 For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
 They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
 And therefore leuell¹ not to hit their lives. ^{1aim}

187. eye: sight-QQ.

188. you Madam: your Grace-QQ.

198. more behold: look upon-QQ.

199. greevous: heavy-QQ.

209. her: all-QQ.

210. talke: speak-QQ.

211. morc: moe-1Q.

212. slaughter: murder-1Q.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:

Throw over her the vaile of Infamy, 220
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.

Qu. To save her life, Ile say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

Qu. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.

Rich! All unavoyded¹ is the doome of Destiny.

Qu. True: when avoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death, 231
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. ¹ *inevitable*

Rich, You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Unckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soever lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revell in the Intrailes of my Lambes. 240

But that still² use of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death, ² *constant*
Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,

223. a Royall Princesse: of royal blood—Qq.

225. safest onely: only safest—Qq.

227. Birth: births—Qq.

228. ill: bad—Qq.

236. lanch'd: lanced—2Rowe.

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd. 250

Qu. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine. 259

Rich. Even all I have; I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you thinke? 270

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter,

250. and: or-1-5Q. by me were harm'd: were by me wrong'd-QQ.

255. Unto .. Fortune: No, to .. honour-QQ.

257. sorrow: sorrows-QQ.

260. I: Yea-QQ.

266. kindnesse date: kindness' date-CAPELL. 267-8. 1 l.-QQ.

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who dost thou meane shallbe her King. |

Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?

Q. What, thou? 280

Rich. Even so: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrave

Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe:

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret* 290

Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne

The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Unckle *Clarence*,

Her Unckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

276. *And do intend: And mean-QQ.* 277. *Well: Say-QQ.*

278-9. *I l.-QQ.* 279. *else should bee: should be else-QQ.*

281. *Even so: How .. it?: I, even I: what think you of it,*
madam-QQ. 283. *I would: would I-I-QQ.*

284. *being: that are-QQ.* 289. *will she: she will-QQ.*

294. *wipe .. withall: dry .. therewith-QQ.*

295. *move: force-QQ.* 296. *Letter .. deeds: story .. acts-QQ.*

298. *I: Yea-QQ.* 300. *You .. Madam: Come, come, prefixed;*
Madam out-QQ.

To win your daughter. 301

Qu. There is no other way,
Unlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Ric. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-houres gives leysure to repent. 310

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine yssue of your blood, upon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in love,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, save for a night of groanes 320
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.

Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home 330
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.

The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,

310. *gives*: *give*—Rowe.

319. *mettall*: *mettle*—3F.

Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
 Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
 And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
 Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
 What? we have many goodly dayes to see:
 The liquid drops of Teares that you have shed,
 Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
 Advantaging their Love, with interest 340
 Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
 Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
 Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
 Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
 Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
 Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquaint the Princesse
 With the sweet silent houres of Marriage joyes:
 And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
 The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come, 350
 And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
 To whom I will retaille my Conquest wonne,
 And she shalbe sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Caesar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
 Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Unkle?
 Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Unkles?
 Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Love,
 Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares? 359

Rich. Infferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

340. *Love: loan*—THEOBALD.

341. *Often-times: Of ten times*—THEOBALD.

362. *Tell her, .. that: Say that .. which*—QQ.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title ever last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it. 371

Rich. Say I her Sovereigne, am her Subject low.

Qu. But she your Subject, lothes such Sovereignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake. 381

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurpt.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleev'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

365. *vaile*: *wail*-QQ.

370-1. *As* .. *As*: *So* .. *So*-QQ.

376. *plainly to her, tell my*: in plain terms tell her-QQ.

380. *graves*: *grave*-QQ.

387-9. *Thy*: *The*-QQ.

390. *would'st*: *wilt*-7-8Q.

368. *lives*: *life's*-Rowe.

372. *low*: *love*-QQ.

381. shifted after l. 382-1Q.

387. *Lordly*: *holy*-QQ.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

392

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misus'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Qu. HeaΛens wrong is most of all:

If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him, 400

The unity the King my husband made,

Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.

If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What can'st thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

410

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe have many teares to wash

Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,

392-3. *Then .. misus'd*: shifted after dishonor'd, l. 397-QQ.

397. *it: that*-QQ.

398-9. *Heaven. HeaΛens* (*HeaΛens* misprint 1F. only): God—
God's-QQ.

400. *with: by*-QQ.

401. *my husband: thy brother*-7-8Q.

402. *Thou had'st not .. Brothers died*: Had not been .. brother
slain-QQ.

404. *head: brow*-QQ.

407. *Bed-fellowes: playfellows*-QQ.

408. *the: a*-QQ.

414. *Fathers: parents*-QQ.

415. *with: in*-1-4Q.

Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
 Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd repast.

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent: 420
 So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres
 Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
 Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
 Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
 Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
 To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beautilous Princely daughter.
 In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
 Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee; . 430
 Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
 Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
 It cannot be avoyded, but by this:
 It will not be avoyded, but by this.
 Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
 Be the Attorney of my love to her:
 Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the Necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found, in great Designes. 440

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Divell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

417. *barren: withered-QQ.*

419. *times ill-us'd repast: time misused o'erpast-QQ.*

421. *Affayres: attempt-QQ.*

426. *proceeding, .. deere: proceedings, .. pure-QQ.*

430. *to my selfe, and thee: to this land and me-QQ.*

431. *Her selfe, the Land: To thee, herself-QQ.*

435. *deare: good-QQ.*

440. *found: fond-QQ.*

442. *you: thee-QQ.*

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomferture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed. 450

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal understand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*

Rich. Beare her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe [Catesby following].

Rat. Most mightie Sovereigne, on the Westernne Coast
Rideth a puissant Navie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them backe. 460
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk: |

Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

445. *Yet: But*—QQ. 446. *daughters:* misprint 1F. only.

447. *will: shall*—QQ. 457. *Most mightie: My gracious*—QQ.

458. *our Shores: the shore*—QQ. 466. *my good Lord: my lord*—QQ.

467-71. thus:

K. Rich. Fly to the duke: [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salis-
bury: |

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful
villain, |

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?—QQ.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull unmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke? 471

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse
pleasure, |

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. *Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis-
bury?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe? 481

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with the
hearing, |

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereſt way? 490

472. *Liege, .. pleasure: mighty Sovereign, let me know your mind-QQ.* 475. *that: out-QQ.*

476. *suddenly: presently-QQ.*

478. *may it please you, shall I doe: is't your highness' pleasure I shall do-CAMBRIDGE.*

483. *chang'd: changed, sir, my mind is changed-QQ.*

485. *Stanley, what newes with you: How now, what news with you-QQ.* 487. *well may be reported: it may well be told-QQ.*

489. *What need'st .. miles: Why dost .. mile-1-6Q.*

490. *the neereſt: a nearer-QQ.*

Once more, what newes?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Sovereigne, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossest? 500

What Heire of *Yorke* is there alive, but wee?

And who is Englands King, but great *Yorke*s Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Unlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Unlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers? 510

Are they not now upon the Western Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Majestie to give me leave,

Ile muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,

496. *Well, as:* Well, sir, as—Qq.

497. *Morton:* Ely—Qq.

498. *here:* there—Qq.

503. *makes:* doth—3-8Q. *Seas:* sea—Qq.

508. *my good Lord:* mighty liege—Qq.

510. *be:* are—Qq.

515. *me:* Richard—Qq.

517. *King:* Sovereign—Qq.

518. *Pleaseth:* Please it—Qq.

Where, and what time your Majestie shall please. 520

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Sovereigne,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I prove true to you.

Exit Stanley. 530

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Sovereigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors 539
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,

521. *I, thou: Ay, ay, thou (I, I)-Qq.*

522. *But Ile .. thee: I will .. you, sir-Qq.*

526. *Goe then, and .. but leave: Well, Go .. but, hear you,
leave-Qq.*

527. *heart: faith-Qq.*

535. *his elder Brother: his brother there-Qq.*

538. *In Kent, my Liege: My liege, in Kent-Qq.*

540. *the Rebels, .. growes strong: their aid .. increaseth-Qq.*

542. *great: the Duke of-Qq.*

543. *ye: you-I-5Q.*

He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I have to tell your Majestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

550

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The *Brittaine* Navie is dispers'd by Tempest.

560

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Unto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Upon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for *Brittaine*.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

545. *There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes:* Take that,
until thou bring me better news—1-5Q.

555. *Lord: liege—Qq.* 559. *But .. Highnesse: Yet .. grace—Qq.*

560. *Brittaine: Breton—CAPELL.*

566. *his course againe: away—Qq.* *Brittaine: Brittany—CAM-
BRIDGE.*

Enter Catesby.

570

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the rest march on with me. *Florish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.[Scene v. *Lord Derby's house.*]*Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher [Urswick].*

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter. 10
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chri. At *Penbroke*, or at *Hertford West* in *Wales*.

574. *Newes, but: tidings*—1-5Q.1. *Scena Quarta: out*—THEOBALD.4. *the most deadly: this most bloody*—QQ.7. *bolds off: withholds*—QQ.8-10. shifted to follow *withal*, l. 20—QQ.8. *So .. Lord: Return unto thy lord: Commend me to him*—QQ.9. *Withall: Tell him*—QQ.10. *should: shall*—QQ.11. *But .. now: shifted to follow withholds*, l. 7—QQ.12. *Penbroke: Pembroke*—4F. *Hertford West: Ha'rford-west*—CAPELL.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Chri, Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall. 20

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*Salisbury. An open place.*]

Enter [the Sheriff, and] *Buckingham* with *Halberds*,
led | to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?

Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray & Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foule injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules, 10
Do through the clowds behold this present houre,
Even for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sher. It is.

18. other of great name: moe of noble fame—1-6Q.

19. do they: they do—QQ.

21. Well bye .. band: out—QQ.

22. My Letter: These letters—QQ.

22-3. shifted to follow daughter, l. 10—QQ.

6. *Gray & Rivers*: *Rivers*, *Gray*—QQ.

13. (Fellow): fellows—QQ.

14. It is: It is, my lord—QQ.

Buc. Why then Al-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
 This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
 This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
 By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. 20
 This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
 That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest, what I begg'd in-jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
 Thus *Margarets* curse falles heavy on my necke:
 When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse: 30
 Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Excunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

[*The camp near Tamworth.*]

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
 others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,
 Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
 Have we marcht on without impediment;

16. *which: that-QQ.* 18. *and: or-I-7Q.* *Wives: wife's-Rowe.*

20. *whom most I trusted: I trusted most-QQ.*

23. *which: that-QQ.*

27. *in: on-QQ.*

28. *Thus .. falles heavy .. necke: Now .. is fallen .. head-QQ.*

31. *Come leade me Officers: Come, sirs, convey me-QQ.*

And heere receive we from our Father *Stanley*
 Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boare, 10
 (That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
 Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
 In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
 Is now even in the Centry of this Isle,
 Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
 From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
 In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
 To reape the Harvest of perpetuall peace,
 By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men, 20
 To sight against this guilty Homicide.

Hcr. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
 Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
 True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

[Scene iii. *Bosworth Field.*]

*Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolke, Ratcliffe,
 and the Earle of Surrey.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field,
 My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.

14. *Is:* Lies-QQ. *Centry:* Centre-QQ. 2-4F.

20. *men:* swords-QQ.

21. *sight:* fight-2-4F. *this guilty:* that bloody-QQ.

22. *turne:* fly-QQ. 24. *deerest .. flye:* greatest .. shrink-QQ.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolke, we must have knockes:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord. 10

Rich. Up with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Up with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction: 20

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*

*Enter [on the other side of the field] Richmond, Sir
William Brandon, Ox- | ford, and Dorset [and
others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Rich-
mond's tent.]*

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.

Sir *William Brandon*, you shall beare my Standard:

Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:

Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile, 30
Limit each Leader to his severall Charge,

8-9. 1 l.—Qq.

10. *loving*: gracious—Qq.

11. *Tent, beere*: tent there! here—I-6Q.

13. *Traitors*: foe—Qq.

15. *Battalia*: battalion—I,4-6Q.

17. *Faction*: party—Qq.

18. *with the Tent*: Come Noble: with my tent, there! Valiant
—Qq.

19. *ground*: field—Qq.

21. *lacke*: want—Qq.

26. *Tract*: track—Qq.

27. *token*: signal—Qq.

And part in just proportion our small Power.
 My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
 And your Sir *Walter Herbert* stay with me:
 The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
 Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
 And by the second houre in the Morning,
 Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
 Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
 Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know? 40

Blunt. Unlesse I have mistane his Colours much,
 (Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
 His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
 South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without perill it be possible,
 Sweet *Blunt*, make some good meanes to speak with him
 And give him from me, this most needfull Note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, Ile undertake it,
 And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*: 50
 Come Gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to morrowes Businesse;
 Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

*Enter [to his tent] Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, &
 Catesby.* |

Rich. What is't a Clocke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

32. *Power*: strength—Qq.

34. *your*: you—2-4F.

39. *Captaine*) *do for me*: *Blunt*, before thou go'st—Qq.

40. *do you*: dost (doest) thou—Qq.

46. *Sweet Blunt*, make .. *him*: Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my
 good-night to him—Qq.

47. *Note*: scroll (scrowle)—Qq.

50-1. 1 l.—Qq.

53. *my*: our—6-8Q. *Dew*: air—Qq.

56. *a*: o'—THEOBALD.

56-8. 2 ll. ending lord, night—POPE.

King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beaver¹ easier then it was? ¹ *helmet* 60
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Use carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,

Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*

Rich. Ratcliffe. [*Catesby.*]

Rat. [*Cate.*] My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes 70
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Cave of eternall night. [*Exit Catesby.*]
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,²
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staves be sound, & not too heavy. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord. ² *watch-light*

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope 80
Went through the Army, chearing up the Souldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to have.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leave me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*

68. *Ratcliffe:* *Catesby*—QQ.

76. new l. at *Ratcliff*—2*Rowe*.

69. *Rat.:* *Cate.*—*POPE*.

88. new l. at *About*—*Dyce*.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent. 90

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.

In breefe, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning, 100

And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers sight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love, 110
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:
God give us leysure for these rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile strive with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize¹ me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory: ¹ *weigh*
Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond. 120

94. *Noble*: loving-1-2Q. 103. period after would out-3-6Q.
116. *noise*: thoughts-QQ.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
 Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
 Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
 That they may crush downe with a heavy fall,
 Th'usurping Helmets of our Adversaries:
 Make us thy ministers of Chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory:
 To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
 Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
 Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.* 130

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
 Henry the sixt.*

Gh. to Ri. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow:
 Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
 At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
 For the wronged Soules
 Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
 King *Henries* issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt. 140

Ghost. [To Richard] When I was mortall, my An-
 noynted body |

By thee was punched full of holes;
 Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
 Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Live, and flourish.

127. *thy: the*—1-2, 6-8Q.

136-7. 1 l.—QQ.

142. *of holes: of deadly holes*—1Q.

147. *in sleepe: in thy sleep*—QQ.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy in thy soule
to morrow. |

I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine: 150
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy in thy soule
to morrow, |

Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Grey. [*To Richard*] Thinke upon *Grey*, and let
thy soule dispaire. | 160

Vaugh. [*To Richard*] Thinke upon *Vaughan*, and
with guilty feare |

Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet untroubled soule, 170
Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

149, 158. *in:* on-5-6, 8Q. 163-4. 1 l.-2Q. 170-1. 1 l.-2Q.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:

Let us be laid within thy bosome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
'Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy, 180
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye: 190

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse. 200

174-5. 1 l.-Qq.

178. *soule bids*: souls bid-Qq. 4F.

185-6. 1 l.-Qq.

191-2. 1 l.-Qq.

176. *laid*: lead-1Q.

179-80. 1 l.-Qq.

196-7. 1 l.-Qq.

Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*] *Richard starts out of his dreame.*

Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy Jesu. Soft, I did but dreame. 210

O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.

Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Lest I Revenge. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?
Alacke, I love my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, have done unto my Selfe? 220

O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand severall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a severall Tale,
And everie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Perjurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,
All severall sinnes, all us'd in each degree, 230
Throng all to'th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.

203-4. 1 l.-Qq. 207. *fall*: falls-Qq. 212. *not*: now-1Q.

223. *Villaine*: misprint 1F. 228. *Perjurie*: twice-1-2Q.

231. *all*: out-1-2Q.

I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
 Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
 Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

240

King. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
 Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

[*King.* O *Ratcliffe*, I have dreamd a fearefull dreame,
 What thinkst thou, will our friendes prove all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.]

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
 Have stroke more terror to the soule of *Richard*,
 Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
 Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*. 250
 'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
 Under our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
 To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe,

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
 in his Tent.*

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,

233. *shall*: will-1-2Q.

241. *Who's*: Zounds who is-QQ.

244-5. bracketed ll.-QQ.

251. 'Tis: It is-POPE.

252. *Ease-dropper*: eaves-dropper-4Q.

That you have tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How have you slept my Lord? 260

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,

And fairest boading Dreames,

That ever entred in a drowsie head,

Have I since your departure had my Lords.

Me thought their Soules, whose bodies *Rich.* [*ard*]
murther'd, |

Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:

I promise you my Heart is very jocond,

In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,

How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Upon the stroke of foure. 270

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I have said, loving Countrymen,

The leysure and inforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,

The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,

Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,

(*Richard* except) those whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, then him they follow. 280

For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,

A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made meanes to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:

A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle

Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:

One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.

Then if you fight against Gods Enemy, 289

261-2. 11.-Qq.

267. *Heart: soul*-Qq.

265. [*ard*]-Qq. 2-4F.

286. *soyle: foil*-1-2Q.

God will in justice ward¹ you as his Soldiers. ¹ *guard*
 If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
 You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 If you do fight in safegard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quits² it in your Age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights, 299
 Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 For me, the ransome of my bold attempt, ² *requite*
 Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
 But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
 God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby
[Attendants and forces].

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in Armes. 309

King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clocke there. *Clocke strikes.*

Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
 He should have brav'd the East an houre ago,

A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

291. *sweare*: sweat—1-2Q.

298. *quits*: quit—POPE.

313-15. 2 ll. ending *calendar*, *lord*—POPE.

318. *Ratcliffe*: separate l.—JOHNSON.

King. The Sun will not be seene to day, 320
The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heaven
That frownes on me, lookes sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine, 330
And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
John Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will flflow
In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote. 340
What think'st thou *Norfolke*.

Nor. A good direction warlike Sovereaigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For *Dickon* thy maister is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,

332. *drawne in*: drawn out all in-1Q.

336. *the Foot*: this foot-1-2Q.

337. *flflow*: follow-2-4F.

340-1. 1 l.-Qq.

344. prefixed to rhymed ll., *King Richard reads*-CAPELL.

344. *so*: too-CAPELL.

347. *man to*: man unto-Qq.

Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
 For Conscience is a word that Cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe, 350
 Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, joyne bravely, let us too't pell mell,
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.

[*His oration to his Army.*]

What shall I say more then I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withall, ^{1 company}
 A sort¹ of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest: 360
 You having Lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restraints the one, distaine the other,
 And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
 A Milke-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold, as over shooes in Snow:
 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
 Lash hence these over-weening Ragges of France,
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their lives,
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit) 370
 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
 Have in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

349. *For:* out; *is a:* is but a-1-2Q.

352. *too't:* to't-4F.

357, 373. *Brittaines, Britaines:* Bretons-CAPELL.

359. *Adventures:* ventures-CAPELL.

360. *you to:* to you-1Q.

364. *Britaine:* Bretagne-HANMER.

And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?
 Ravish our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
 Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
 Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
 Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head, 380
 Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
 After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes, 390
 Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
 Inspire us with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
 Upon them, Victorie sits on our helps. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iv. *Another part of the field.*]

*Alarum, excursions. Enter [Norfolk and forces
 fighting; to him] Catesby. |*

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
 Rescue, Rescue:
 The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger:
 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,

375. *on: in-1-2Q.* 377-8. 1 l.-Q2.
 379. *Right: Fight-1-2,8Q. boldly: bold-1Q.*
 393. *helses: helms-1-2,4,8Q.* 2-3. 1 l.-Q2. 1

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

10

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Gates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse

Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

Alatum, *Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight,*
Richard | is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing
the | Crowne, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

10

1. *Alatum:* *Alarum*-2-4F.

5-6. 1 l.-Qq.

8-10. 2 ll. ending the, royalties-Qq.

10. *these .. Royalties: this .. royalty*-1Q.

13. *it, and: it, enjoy it, and*-1-2Q.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all:
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* living?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. *John* Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*. 20

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,

That in submission will returne to us,

And then as we have tane the Sacrament,

We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heaven upon this faire Conjunction,

That long have frown'd upon their Enmity:

What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;

The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood; 30

The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;

The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;

All this divided Yorke and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire Division.

O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each Royall House,

By Gods faire ordinance, conjoyne together:

And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,

With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes. 40

Abate¹ the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord, ^{1dull}

That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,

And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;

17. (if you please) .. may withdraw: if it please .. may now withdraw—Qq.

19. Ferris: Ferrers—CAPELL.

20. Brokenbury: Brakenbury—4F.

21. become: becomes—ROWE.

38. thy: their—1-2, 8Q.

Let them not live to taste this Lands increase,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Civill wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen;
That she may long live heere, God say, Amen. *Excunt*

FINIS.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF
THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHT

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘**HENRY THE EIGHT**’ may be regarded as an epilogue to the historical plays, and a prologue to the actual reign of Elizabeth. The Prologue to the play itself announces its purpose to absolve jest and confine its plot to serious affairs of state; but it develops into pageantry toward the last.

The first two acts outline the struggle between Cardinal Wolsey, the lord chancellor, and the Duke of Buckingham. The cardinal is jealous of the duke’s power, and, in Act II, contrives his trial and execution. Meantime Wolsey gives a court banquet, at which the king is struck with the beauty of Anne Bullen, a maid of honor. He resolves to divorce his wife, Katharine, and summons her to trial. She appeals to the Pope.

In Act III Wolsey changes sides, and, from aiding his royal master, sends a private letter to the Pope praying a withholding of the divorce. Henry chances to gain access to the cardinal’s papers and is so enraged that he deprives Wolsey of office and meditates indicting him for high treason, when the disgraced cardinal dies.

Meanwhile the king has taken matters in his own hands by putting aside Katharine and wedding Anne. The fallen queen passes away (Act IV) and the new one is publicly crowned.

Henry VIII C

HENRY THE EIGHT

In Act V Archbishop Cranmer enjoys the king's favor, but is set upon by various lords who threaten his seizure. Henry himself interposes on behalf of the prelate, and the latter officiates afterward at the christening of Anne's daughter, Elizabeth.

SOURCES

A manuscript current in Shakespeare's day, entitled 'The Life of Cardinal Wolsey,' by George Caven-dish, usher to the cardinal, was the indirect source of this play. The direct sources were the histories of Hall and Holinshed, each of whom drew from Caven-dish. These were followed for the first four acts, the fifth act resting upon Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' first published in 1563 as 'Acts and Monuments of the Church.' The dramatist followed his authorities closely, often using their very words.

Two plays concerning Cardinal Wolsey were performed about 1601, but were afterward lost. Henslowe alludes to them, and at least one was given with much brilliancy. The author of 'Henry VIII' may have been indebted to them in a measure, especially for the idea of making his play also the show-piece it evidently was.

For more than two centuries after Shakespeare's death 'Henry VIII' was accepted as his. But recent critical tests have given to John Fletcher a large share of its material. Lord Tennyson was one of the first to suggest the presence of Fletcher, a casual opinion worked out fully in 1850 by James Spedding, who examined the construction, diction, and meter, and from evidence thus derived gave to Shakespeare Act I, scenes i and ii; Act II, scenes iii and iv; Act III, scene ii—the re-

INTRODUCTION

mainder of the play being ascribed to Fletcher, and possibly a third writer. The metrical tests are especially strong and convincing in their relation to Fletcher. Various editors have confirmed Spedding's analysis, and to-day it is usually received as correct, although some authorities reject it.

There is no doubt that 'Henry VIII' exhibits marked peculiarities in its use of redundant syllables and clash of emphasis with meter. Its masque-like close, also, is in seeming contradiction to the sad tone of the Prologue.

'The effect of the play,' said Spedding, 'is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising toward the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . I know no other play in Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this.'

'Henry VIII' may well have been intended, at its inception, for an historical canvas of wide stretch showing the events from Wolsey's rule to the establishment of the Church of England. Shakespeare's plan—according to theory—carried as far as Act III, when a demand arose for a special play to suit an immediate need at the Globe. The manuscript was given to Fletcher to complete 'by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence,' and an historical masque totally at variance with the opening idea was the result.

Still another ingenious theory is that the original Shakespearian version was destroyed in the Globe fire which occurred at a performance of the play, and that Fletcher pieced out the fragments from memory and added material. But this is disturbed by the evident genuineness of the opening scenes, which seem to have

HENRY THE EIGHT

‘the full stamp of Shakespeare in his latest manner; the same close-packed expression; the same life and reality and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough.’ It is the transition from this method to Fletcherian mannerisms and pageantry which first pointed to divided authorship.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historical period covers twenty-four years, from 1520, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, to 1544, the trial of Cranmer. But chronology is often violated in the intervening years. To cite two instances: In the play, Buckingham is executed after Henry’s meeting with Anne Bullen, whereas the execution was six years earlier. In the play, Cranmer is tried prior to Elizabeth’s christening—an historical event eleven years earlier than the trial.

The stage period is seven days, with intervals: Day 1, Act I. Interval. Day 2, Act II, scenes i, ii, and iii. Day 3, Act II, scene iv. Day 4, Act III, scene i. Interval. Day 5, Act III, scene ii. Interval. Day 6, Act IV, scenes i and ii. Interval. Day 7, Act V.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

On June 26, 1613, the Globe Theater was burned down during a performance of ‘Henry VIII,’ which was ‘a new play,’ according to Sir Henry Wotton, who wrote a letter concerning it in 1613. He calls the play ‘All is True,’ but states that it deals with the reign of Henry VIII: ‘Now King Henry making a Masque at the Cardinal Wolsey’s House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry [see stage direction,

Henry VIII F

INTRODUCTION

Act I, scene iv], some of the paper, and other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped did light the thatch.'

Thomas Lorkin writes still more conclusively in a letter dated 'this last of June,' 1613: 'No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of "Henry VIII," and their shooting at certayne chambers in the way of triumph; the fire catch'd.'

Three or four other credible writers, among them Jonson, allude to the catastrophe, and several 'lamentable ballads' were composed on the event.

Internally, the probable reference in Act V to Virginia settlements (between 1607 and 1612); the references to King James; the trial scene, which is similar to the trial of Hermione in another late play, 'The Winter's Tale'; the elliptical and involved expressions and verbal contractions in the true Shakespearian parts — these and other traits place the play among the last of Shakespeare's compositions.

'Henry VIII' was probably written in 1612-13.

EARLY EDITIONS

The First Folio of 1623 contains the play's earliest printing. It there bears the title of 'The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight.' It is the last of the histories, being given in twenty-eight pages, from page 205 to page 232, inclusive. The acts and scenes are given, but the *Dramatis Personæ* is omitted, being first supplied, though not fully, by Rowe.

The Folio text is unusually clear and accurate, and since there were no conflicting Quartos, the reading has been little disturbed by later editors.

Henry VIII G

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF KING HENRY
THE EIGHT

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garret King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*

PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*]

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHT



THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Scænes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, beere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may beleeve,
May beere finde Truth too. Those that come to see 10
Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
Ile undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded¹ with Yellow,
Will be deceyv'd. For gentle Hearers, know ¹ trimmed
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeiting 20
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring

11. a gree: agree—2-4F.

*To make that onely true, we now intend,
 Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
 Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
 The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
 The very Persons of our Noble Story,
 As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great,
 And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
 Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see 30
 How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
 And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
 A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[London. An ante-chamber in the palace.]

*Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
 Aburgavenny.*

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have ye done
 Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
 Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer
 Of what I saw there. 10

Buck. An untimely Ague
 Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
 Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
 I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
 Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
 In their Embracement, as they grew together,

Which had they,
 What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd 20
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
 To one above it selfe. Each following day
 Became the next dayes master, till the last
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
 All Clinquant¹ all in Gold, like Heathen Gods 30
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
 Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,¹ *glittering*
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
 The Pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
 Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst 40
 As presence did present them: Him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe
 Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
 Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
 That *Bevis* was beleev'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre. 50

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In Honor, Honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing,

19-20. 11.-2 ROWE.

44. period after *censure*-ROWE.

Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: [*Buc.*] who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together? 60

Nor. As you guesse:

[*Nor.*] One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The divell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke 70
Take up the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,

There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gives us note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way 80
A guift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell

53. *loose*: lose-2-4F. 55. *Buc.*: out-THEOBALD. 58-61. speech
given to *Buc.*-THEOBALD. 61. *Nor.*: out; *As you guesse*: *As*
you guesse?-THEOBALD. 79. *Web*. O: web, he-CAPELL.

What Heaven hath given him: let some Graver eye
 Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
 Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
 If not from Hell? The Divell is a Niggard,
 Or ha's given all before, and he begins
 A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Divell, 90
 Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him
 (Without the privity o'th' King) t'appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the File
 Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
 To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
 He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
 The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
 Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have 100
 By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
 Have broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
 For this great Journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poore issue.

Nor. Greevingly I thinke,
 The Peace betweene the French and us, not valewes
 The Cost that did conclude it. 110

Buc. Every man,
 After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
 A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
 Into a generall Prophetie; That this Tempest
 Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
 The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore

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Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,

The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you 130
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my counsell,
You'l finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I advice your shunning.

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*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, cer-
taine | of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers:*

*The | Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye
on Buck- | ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham's* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

119. *Burdeaux*: Bourdeaux—4F.

144. *Buck-*: Bucking—misprint 1F.

Car. Is he in person, ready? 150

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely 160
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th' King:
Ile follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like 170
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe
This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Norf. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot 180
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne

155. *venom'd*: **venom** (venome)—Rowe.

159. *chaff'd*: **chafed** (chaf'd)—3-4F.

By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
 And lose by over-running: know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
 In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be advis'd;
 I say againe there is no English Soule
 More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

90

I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
 By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
 And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Jnly*, when
 Wee see each graine of gravell; I doe know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buck. Toth' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
 As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe, 200
 Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
 As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief, e,
 As able to perform't) his minde, and place
 Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
 As here at home, suggests¹ the King our Master
 To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview, ^{1 incites}
 That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
 Did breake ith'wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and so it did.

210

Buck. Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
 The Articles o'th' Combination drew
 As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
 As he cride thus let be, to as much end,

195. *Jnly*: July-2-4F.209. *wrenching*: rinsing-POPE.

As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
 Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
 (Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
 (Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
 To th' old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
 Under pretence to see the Queene his Aunt, 220
 (For twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
 His feares were that the Interview betwixt
 England and France, might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
 Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Privily
 Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
 Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made 230
 And pav'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,
 'That he would please to alter the Kings course,
 And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
 (As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
 Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
 And for his owne advantage.

Norf. I am sorry
 To heare this of him; and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a sillable: 240
 I doe pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appeare in proofe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
 two or theee of the Guard.*

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,

227. troa: trow-3-4F

. 244. theee: three-2-4F.

My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Sovereigne King.

250

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne upon me, I shall perish
Under device, and practise:

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th'Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey. 261
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
[*To Abergavenny*]
Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*, 271
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*?

262. *Aburgany*: *Abergavenny*—*Rowe*.

270. *Mountacute*: *Montacute*—*Capell*.

chancellor—*Theobald*.

272. Councillour:

276. *Michaell*: *Nicholas*—2*Pope*.

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is false: The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*, 280
Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same. The council-chamber.*]

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places himsefe under the Kings feete on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th'levell¹
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and give thankes ¹ *aim*
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in person, 10
He heare him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, usher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Snffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State,² takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him. ² throne

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; halfe your Suit
Never name to us; you have halfe our power: 21

282. *Lords:* lord—Rowe.

16. *Snffolke:* misprint 1F.

The other moity ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thanke your Majesty
That you would love your selfe, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few, 30
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister
Whose Honor Heavenshield from soile; even he escapes
not |
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears 40
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appears,
It doth appeare; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'event too th'teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them. 50

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,

45. *longing*: 'longing-4F.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame 60
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sovereigne would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are devis'd by you, er else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know, 70
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grieve
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now 80
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for

67. *er:* or-2-4F.

75. *compels:* compel-Pope.

There is no primer basenesse.

Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but 90
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further 100
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride up
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.

Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare: 110
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeeve, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?

85. *basenesse*: *business*—HANMER.

107-8. *We .. Or sit*: 1 l.—HANMER.

112. *President*: *precedent*—POPE.

A trembling Contribution; why we take
 From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th'Timber:
 And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
 The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
 Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with 120
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
 The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
 I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you. [*To the Secretary*]
 Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
 Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeved Commons
 Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
 That through our Intercession, this Revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.* 130

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
 Is run in your displeasure.

Kin. It grieves many:

The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
 To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
 And never seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
 When these so Noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt, 140
 They turne to vicious formes, ten times more ugly
 Then ever they were faire. This man so compleat,
 Who was enrol'd 'mongst wonders; and when we
 Almost with ravish'd listning, could not finde
 His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
 Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
 That once were his, and is become as blacke,
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Us, you shall heare

(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount 150
 The fore-recited practises, whereof
 We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
 Most like a carefull Subject have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was usuall with him; every day
 It would infect his Speech: That if the King
 Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so 160
 To make the Scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
 Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
 Revenge upon the *Cardinall*.

Card. Please your Highnesse note
 This dangerous conception in this point,
 Not frended by his wish to your High person;
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
 Deliver all with Charity. 170

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
 Upon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,
 At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
 By a vaine Prophetie of *Nicholas Henton*.

Kin. What was that *Henton*?

Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
 His Confessor, who fed him every minute
 With words of Sovereignty. 180

162. *Aburgany*: Abergavenny—*Rowe*.

176, 177. *Henton*: Hopkins—2*Pope*.

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men feare the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words 190
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To the love o't'Commonalty, the Duke 201
Shall governe England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth. 210
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Divels illusions

187. *feare*: fear'd—POPE.

195. *Commissions*: confession's—THEOBALD. 201. *To the*: To

gain the—4F. *t'*: the—STEEVENS. 209. new l. at Go—POPE.

The Monke might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
 For this to ruminat on this 'so farre, untill
 It forg'd him some designe, which being beleev'd
 It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
 It can doe me no damage; adding further,
 That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
 The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Lovels* heads
 Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha, 220

There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,

After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir *William Blumer*.

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn servant, |

The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
 As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid 230
 The Part my Father meant to act upon
 Th' Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
 Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
 (As he made semblance of his duty) would
 Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedome,
 And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all.

212-13. *The .. For this (him):* I l.—CAPELL.

213. *For this: for him*—CAPELL.

226. *Blumer: Blomer* (Bulmer—CLAR. PRESS)—POPE.

227. new l. at Of—POPE.

Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what say'st? | 240

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evill us'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may 250
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th'height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerely 9
A fit¹ or two o'th'face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours ¹*trick*
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State so.

241. *the Duke his Father, .. knife:* quoted—CAPELL.

L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th'have worne out Chistendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell*? 21

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs 30
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov: They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisdom, renouncing cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings, 40
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellows; there, I take it,

14-15. 1 l.—POPE.

17. *A:* Or—VERPLANCK.

20. *Chistendome*: misprint 1F.

16. *see: saw*—POPE.

19. *too't: too*—4F.

29-30. 1 l.—POPE.

They may *Cum Prviilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. Tis time to give 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.

L. Cham What a losse our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lovell. I marry, 50
There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Divell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too. 60

L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one, 70
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

Lov. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,

44. *Prviilegio*: privilegio—2-4F. *wee*: wear—2-4F.

54-5. I l.—POPE.

73-4. I l.—POPE.

His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him; 80
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones:
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers. 90

L. San. I am your Lordships. *Excunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*A Hall in York Place.*]

Hoboies. *Asmall Table under a State for the Cardinall, a
longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests
at one Doore; at an other Doore enter
Sir Henry Guilford.*

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes 10
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would have all as merry:

79-80. 1 l.—*ROWE.*

85-6. 1 l.—*ROWE.*

7-8. 1 l.—*POPE.*

As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford*.

San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall 20
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance.

Lov. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it. 30

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father. 40

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

50

Hoboyes. *Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.*

Card Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Card. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours: 60
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,
Talke us to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands*.

San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.

70

An. B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye. [*Exit Serv.*]

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't? 80

Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*]

All rise, and Tables remov'd. 90

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-
lute him.*

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame 100
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and under your faire Conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
 They have done my poore house grace:
 For which I pay 'em a thousand thankses,
 And pray 'em take their pleasures. 110

Chooſe Ladies, King and An. Bullen.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
 Till now I never knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
 There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
 More worthy this place then my ſelfe, to whom
 (If I but knew him) with my love and duty 120
 I would ſurrender it. *Whiſper.*

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What ſay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
 There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me ſee then,
 By all your good leaves Gentlemen; heere Ile make
 My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall, [*Unmasking*] 130
 You hold a faire Aſſembly; you doe well Lord:
 You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
 I ſhould judge now unhappily.

Card. I am glad
 Your Grace is growne ſo pleaſant.

Kin. My Lord *Chamberlaine*,
 Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace,

Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highnesse women. 140

Kin. By Heaven she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace

I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much. 150

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Westminster. A street.*]

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. [*Gen.*] Whether away so fast?

2. [*Gen.*] O, God save ye:

Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile save you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony

139-40. new l. at The, ending women—POPE.

Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there? 10

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truely is he,

And condemn'd upon't.

2. I am sorry fort.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke 20

Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged

Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.

The Kings Atturney on the contrary,

Urg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd

To him brought *viva voce* to his face;

At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor

Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car*,

Confessor to him, with that Divell Monke, 30

Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine

Would have flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;

And so his Peeres upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all

Was either pittied in him, or forgotten. 40

15-16. 1 l.—POPE.

17. *fort*: *for't*—3-4F.

27. *him*: *have*—4F.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly,
And somthing spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,

He never was so womanish, the cause 50
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,

The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,

By all conjectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That tricke of State

Was a deepe envious one, 60

1. At his returne,

No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardnall instantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They love and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie. 70

55. *Attendure*: attainer (attaindure) - 3-4F.

64. *Cardnall*: Cardinal - 2-4F.

68. *faddom*: fathom - 4F.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus farre have come to pittie me;

Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me. 80

I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement,

And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beare witnes,

And if I have a Conscience, let it sincke me,

Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.

The Law I beare no mallice for my death,

T'has done upon the premises, but Justice:

But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:

(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;

Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; 90

For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne're hope,

Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies

More then I dare make faults.

You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,

His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying:

Goe with me like good Angels to my end,

And as the long divorce of Steele fals on me, 100

Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,

And lift my Soule to Heaven.

86. T: 'T-3-4F.

94-5. I l.—ROWE.

102-3. I l.—POPE.

Lead on a Gods name.

Lovell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: 110
No blacke Envy shall make my Grave.
Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument. 120

Lov. To th'water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable, 130
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.

103. a: o'—THEOBALD.

110-12. 2 ll. ending *envy, grace*—POPE.

My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
 Who first rais'd head against Usurping *Richard*,
 Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
 Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,
 And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seaventh succeeding, truly pittying 140
 My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
 Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
 Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
 That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken
 For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
 And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
 A little happier then my wretched Father:
 Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
 Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most: 150
 A most unnaturall and faithlesse Service.
 Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
 This from a dying man receive as certaine:
 Where you are liberall of your loves and Councels,
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found againe
 But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
 Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre 160
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
 Speake how I fell.
 I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cals

162. *Farewell*: separate l.—CAPELL.

163-4. 1 l.—POPE.

I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling 170
Of an ensuing evill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1: Let me have it:
I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare 180
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine 190
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him ncere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will undoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd. 200

2. I thinke

You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis wofull.

Wee are too open¹ heere to argue this: ^{1 public}
Let's thinke in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

*My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all
the | care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nish'd. | They were young and handsome, and of the best
breed in the | North. When they were ready to set out
for London, a man | of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commis-
sion, and maine power tooke | 'em from me, with this
reason: his maister would bee serv'd be- | fore a Sub-
ject, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes |
Sir.*

10

I feare he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee
will have all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folke and Suffolke.*

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

20

201-2. 1 l.—POPE.

2. *this:* a—ROWE.

11. new l. at He will have—THEOBALD.

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf. Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l never know himselfe else. 30

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never lost her lustre; 40
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long have slept upon 50
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede: 60
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeve in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare us company?

Cham. Excuse me, 70
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most unfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Cur-
taine | and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry.

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
selves | 80

Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,

Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Go too; Ile make ye know your times of busnesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission. 90

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; [*To Camp.*] you'r wel-
come |

Most learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Use us, and it: [*To Wols.*] My good Lord, have great
care, |

I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;

I would your Grace would give us but an houre
Of private conference.

Kin. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busie; goe. 100

Norff. [*Aside to Suf.*] This Priest ha's no pride in
him? |

Suff. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Norff. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it doe, Ile venture one; have
at him. |

Suff. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome: 110
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?

105. new l. at I'll—POPE.

105. one; have at him: one have-at-him—DYCE, STAUNTON.

108. President: precedent—4F.

The Spaniard tide by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
 The Tryall, just and Noble. All the Clerkes,
 (I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
 Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Judgement)
 Invited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
 One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
 This just and learned Priest, Cardnall *Campeius*,
 Whom once more, I present unto your Highnesse. 120

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
 And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves,
 They have sent me such a Man, I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers
 loves, |

You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
 I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
 The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
 Cardinall of *Yorke*, are joyn'd with me their Servant,
 In the unpartiall judging of this Businesse.

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquainted | 130

Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty, ha's alwayes lov'd her
 So deare in heart, not to deny her that
 A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
 Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my favour
 To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
 Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit *Wols.*]

112. *tide*: tied (ty'd)-4F.

118. *us. This*: us, this-4F.

119. *Cardnall*: Cardinal-2-4F.

127. *commanding. You*: commanding, you-4F.

Enter [Wolsey with] Gardiner. 140

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you; |

You are the Kings now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wols.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispsers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man? 150

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeve me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you envide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne¹ man still, which so greev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide. ^{1 an exile}

Wol. Heav'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole; 161
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will have none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th'Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this waighty busines. 170

My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
 O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*]

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
 His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
 So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
 She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
 So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
 Still growing in a Majesty and pompe, the which
 To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then 10
 'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.
 To give her the avaunt, it is a pittie
 Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
 She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
 Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soule and bodies severing. 20

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
 Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
 Must pittie drop upon her; verily

10. *t'acquire. After this Processe:* to acquire,—after this process,—GLOBE.

18. comma after quarrel—CAMBRIDGE.

I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,
 And range with humble livers in Content,
 'Then to be perk'd up in a glistring griefe,
 And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having.

30

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
 I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
 For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:
 You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
 Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
 Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty; ^{1 truth}
 Which, to say sooth,¹ are Blessings; and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity ⁴⁰
 Of your soft Chiverell² Conscience, would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it. ^{2 kidskin}

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
 Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
 What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
 To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth. ⁵⁰

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
 I would not be a young Count in your way,
 For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
 Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
 Ever to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;

41. *Chiverell*: *cheveril*—THEOBALD.

I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe 60
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
know |

The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitting.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope 70
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That your may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support, 80
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,

61. *long'd*: 'long'd CAPELL.

75. *notes*: *note's*—THEOBALD.

77. *to you*: out—CAPELL.

Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
 As from a blush ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
 Whose health and Royalty I pray for. 90

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t'approve the faire conceit
 The King hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perus'd her well,
 Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
 That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
 But from this Lady, may proceed a Jemme,
 To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
 And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord. 100

Old. L. Why this it is: See, see,
 I have beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
 (Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
 Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
 For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
 A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye upon
 This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild up,
 Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old. L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
 There was a Lady once (tis an old Story) 111
 That would not be a Queene, that would she not
 For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old. L. With your Theame, I could
 O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*?
 A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
 No other obligation? by my Life,
 That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
 Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time 120

I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere y'have heard to her.

130

Old L. What doe you thinke me ——— *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*A hall in Black Friars.*]

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of | Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, | Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small | distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the | great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bea- | ring each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Usher bare- | headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a | Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great | Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, | two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes | place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit | under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some di- | stance from the King. The Bishops place themselves

12. *After:* misprint 1F.

on | each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them | the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the | Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage. |

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded. 21

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicquely bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.

Scri. Say, *Henry K. of England*, come into the Court.

Crier. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queene of England*, 30
Come into the Court.

Crier. *Katherine Queene of England, &c.*

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then speakes.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance 40
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:

30-1. prose—CAPELL.

Ever in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre 50
I ever contradicted your Desire?

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course 60
And processe of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Love and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
Shut doore upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kinde of Justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit, and Judgement. *Ferdinand* 70
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Whodeem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd. 80

Wol. You have heere Lady,

(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, men
 Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
 Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
 To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,
 That longer you desire the Court, as well
 For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam, 90
 It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
 And that (without delay) their Arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
 We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine
 The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
 Ile turne to sparkes of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet. 100

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
 Or God will punish me. I do beleewe
 (Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
 You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
 You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
 Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
 (Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
 I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
 Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not 110
 At all a Friend to truth.

Wol. I do professe

You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet

Have stood to Charity, and displayd th' effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdomes,
 Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
 I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
 Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
 By a Commission from the Consistorie, 120
 Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
 The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
 That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
 As you have done my Truth. If he know
 That I am free of your Report, he knowes
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
 Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech 131
 You (gracious Madam) to unthinke your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weake
 T'oppose your eunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
 You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
 With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
 Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
 You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favors, 140
 Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
 Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
 (Domestickes to you) serve your will, as't please
 Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your persons Honor, then

Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
 I do refuse you for my Judge, and heere
 Before you, all, Appeale unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
 And to be judg'd by him. 150

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
 Stubborne to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
 Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Ush. [Grif.] Madam, you are cald backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
 When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe, 160
 They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
 Upon this businesse my appearance make,
 In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
 That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's
 A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
 For speaking false in that; thou art alone
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse, 170
 Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
 The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
 And like her true Nobility, she ha's
 Carried her selfe towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
 That it shall please you to declare in hearing 179

Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 At once, and fully satisfide) whether ever I
 Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't: or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present State,
 Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,

190

I doe excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
 I free you from't: You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so; but like to Village Curses,
 Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
 The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more justifi'de? You ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this busines, never desir'd
 It to be stir'd; but oft have hindred, oft
 The passages made toward it; on my Honour, 200
 I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
 And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mov'd me too't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:

Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heede
 too't: |

My Conscience first receiv'd a tendernes,
 Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches utter'd
 By th'Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Embassador,
 Who had beene hither sent on the debating

201. *Cardnall*: Cardinal-2-4F.

202-3. 1 l.—POPE.

208. *Bayon*: Bayonne—CAPELL.

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and 210
 Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th'Progresse of this busines,
 Ere a deteriminate resolution, hee
 (I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
 The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
 Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way, 220
 That many maz'd considerings, did throng
 And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
 I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
 Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
 If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should
 Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
 The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
 Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
 This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome 230
 (Well worthy the best Heyre o'th'World) should not
 Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
 By this my Issues faile, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throw: thus hulling¹ in ¹drifting
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present heere together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
 I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well, 240
 By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,

210. *And*: A-2Rowe. *Orleance*: Orleans-Rowe.

219. *spiteing*: splitting-2-4F.

And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
 With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reeke
 When I first mov'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.

Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
 How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,
 The question did at first so stagger me, 250
 Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
 And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
 Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mov'd you,
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present Summons unsolicited.
 I left no Reverend Person in this Court;
 But by particular consent proceeded 260
 Under your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
 Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward:
 Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
 And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
 To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
 (*Katherine* our Queene) before the primest Creature
 That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes, 270
 The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,
 That we adjourne this Court till further day;
 Meane while, must be an earnest motion

258. *Summons unsolicited*: summons: unsolicited—THEOBALD.

264. *drives*: drive—POPE.

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends unto his Holinesse.

Kin. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know, 280
My comfort comes along: breake up the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*London. The Queen's apartments.*]

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working:

SONG.

*Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & grieve of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.*

10

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now? 20

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.¹ ¹ *audience-chamber*

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: [*Exit Gent.*] what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from favour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes. 30

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience 40
Deserves a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;

21. *And't*: An't—HANMER.

31. *Campian*: Campeius—ROWE.

35. *reverent*: reverend—2-4F

Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima. | 50

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
ous: |

Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Beleeve me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady, 60
I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deepe suspicion, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions, 70
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.

61. *shoul*: should-2-4F.

71. *our*: your-2-4F.

Queen. [*Aside*] To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills, 80
 Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
 But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
 In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
 (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
 And to such men of gravity and learning;
 In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
 Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
 Either for such men, or such businesse;
 For her sake that I have beene, for I feele
 The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces 90
 Let me have time and Councell for my Cause:
 Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
 That any English man dare give me Councell?
 Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
 (Though he be growne so desperate to be honest) 100
 And live a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
 They that must weigh out¹ my afflictions, ¹*outweigh*
 They that my trust must grow to, live not heere,
 They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
 In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leave your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
 Hee's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much, 110
 Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:

93-4. 11.—POPE.

97. colon after *profit*—2-4F.

102. *afflictions*: misprint 1F.

For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues: 121
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,
I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall upon ye.

Car. [*Wol.*] Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into envy. 131

Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen 140
To me, above this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Qu Have I liv'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,

Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
 A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
 Never yet branded with Suspition?
 Have I, with all my full Affections
 Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd
 him? |

Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him? 150
 Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
 One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure;
 And to that Woman (when she has done most)
 Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
 We ayme at.

Qu. My Lord,
 I dare not make my selfe so guiltie, 160
 To give up willingly that Noble Title
 Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e're divorce my Dignities.

Car. [*Wol.*] Pray heare me.

Qu. Would I had never trod this English Earth,
 Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
 Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
 I am the most unhappy Woman living.
 Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
 Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty, 171
 No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
 Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
 That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
 Ile hang my head, and perish.

Car. [Wol.] If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
 You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
 Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
 The way of our Profession is against it; 180
 We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
 For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
 How you may hurt your selfe: I, utterly
 Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
 So much they love it. But to stubborne Spirits,
 They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
 I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
 A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke us,
 Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.

Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so: 191
 You wrong your Vertues
 With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
 As yours was, put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loves you,
 Beware you loose it not: For us (if you please
 To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
 To use our utmost Studies, in your service.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
 And pray forgive me; 200
 If I have us'd¹ my selfe unmannerly, ¹ *behaved*
 You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemely answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his Majestie,
 He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
 While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
 Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges

That little thought when she set footing heere,
 She should have bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

[*Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.*]

*Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord
 Surrey, | and Lord Chamberlaine.*

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
 And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
 Cannot stand under them. If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
 But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
 With these you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am joyfull 10
 To meete the least occasion, that may give me
 Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres
 Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? When did he regard
 The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
 Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
 What he deserves of you and me, I know: 20
 What we can do to him (though now the time
 Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot
 Barre his accesse to'th' King, never attempt
 Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
 Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
 His spell in that is out: the King hath found
 Matter against him, that for ever marres

The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure. 30

Sur. Sir,

I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Beleeve it, this is true.

In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His practises to light?

Suf. Most strangely. 40

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Judgement o'th'Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*,

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeve it. 50

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy 60
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

70

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall, 80
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeve) 90
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine

In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-byshop.

Nor. So I heare.

100

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Observe, observe, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gav't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseale them, and the first he view'd, 110

He did it with a Serious minde: a heede

Was in his countenance. You he bad

Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,

There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen?* 120

No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Justice.

114. new l. at To—HANMER.

122. *Penbroke*: *Pembroke* (*Pembrook*)—4F.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
 A Knights Daughter 129
 To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
 This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
 Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
 And well deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of
 Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung up
 An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
 And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something. 140

Enter King, reading of a Scedule [and Lovell].

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
 The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
 To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
 Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
 Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
 Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we have 150
 Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion
 Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
 Stops on a sodaine, lookes upon the ground,
 Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
 Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
 Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
 His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
 We have seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning, 160
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwittingly)
Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet, 170
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke
His Contemplation were above the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes
to the Cardinall.*

Car. Heaven forgive me, 180
Ever God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly stuffe, and beare the Inventory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you have scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir, 190
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinke upon the part of businesse, which

188. *gald:* glad-2-4F.

I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. And ever may your Highnesse yoake together,
 (As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
 With my well saying. 200

King. 'Tis well said agen,
 And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
 And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
 He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
 His word upon you. Since I had my Office,
 I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
 Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
 But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
 My Bounties upon you.

Car. [*Aside*] What should this meane? 210

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
 And if you may confesse it, say withall
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Car. My Sovereigne, I confesse your Royall graces
 Showr'd on me daily, have bene more then could
 My studied purposes requite, which went
 Beyond all mans endeavors. My endeavors, 220
 Have ever come too short of my Desires, ¹*kept even*
 Yet fill'd¹ with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
 Have beene mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and

206. *kept*: *kept*-2-4F

222. *fill'd*: *filed* (*fil'd*)-HANMER.

The profit of the State. For your great Graces
 Heap'd upon me (poore Undeserver) I
 Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
 My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyaltie
 Which ever ha's, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death (that Winter) kill it.

230

King. Fairely answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
 Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
 Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
 The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,
 That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
 My heart drop'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
 On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
 Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, 240
 As'twer in Loves particular, be more
 To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd
 More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
 (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
 And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
 Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
 Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
 As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, 250
 Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,
 For you have seene him open't. Read o're this,
 [Giving him papers.]

And after this, and then to Breakfast with
 What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throng after him smiling, and whispering.*

Car. What should this meane? 260

What sodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! 270
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Divell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse
I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse, 280
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

*Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale presently

287-8. I 1.—POPE.

Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe 290
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester,
 Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,
 Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
 (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele 300

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Envy,
 How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
 Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?

Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt

In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale

You aske with such a Violence, the King

(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
 Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors 310

During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,

Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land 320
 Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,

The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
 Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
 You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
 Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
 That might have mercie on the fault, thou gav'st him:
 Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
 Absolv'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else

330

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His Noble Jurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little Honestie, as Honor,
 That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
 Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
 Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,
 And all that love his follies.

340

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
 Thou should'st feele
 My Sword i'th'life blood of thee else. My Lords,
 Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
 And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus Jaded¹ by a peece of Scarlet, ¹*spurned*
 Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes.

350

Card. All Goodnesse

Is poyson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
 Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
 The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
 You writ to'th' Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
 As you respect the common good, the State 360
 Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
 (Whom if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen)
 Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
 Collected from his life. Ile startle you
 Worse then the Sacring¹ Bell, when the browne Wench
 Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall. ^{1 mass}

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
 But thus much, they are foule ones. 370

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
 When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
 Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
 You'l shew a little Honestie.

Wol. Speake on Sir,
 I dare your worst Objections: If I blush, 380
 It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
 Have at you.
 First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a Legate, by which power

362. *Wbom*: Who-2-4F.

382-3. 1 l.-2Rowe.

You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant. 390

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine. 400

Sur. Then, That you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leave to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meere undooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them 410
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legative within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compasse of a Premunire;

That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be 420
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborne answer
About the giving backe the Great Seale to us,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth 430
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me 440
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe. 450

420. *Castles: Chattels*—THEOBALD.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*, 460
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
A load, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right use of it. 470

Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blesse him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place. 481

456. and: an-CAPELL.

471-2. 1 l.-POPE.

469-70. 1 l.-POPE.

480. *Moore*: *More*-HANMER.

Card. That's somewhat sodain.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highnesse favour, and do Justice
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury. 490

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open,¹ as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now ¹ *public*
Onely about her Corronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever. 500

No Sun, shall ever usher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,

I am a poore falne man, unworthy now

To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King

(That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him,

What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:

Some little memory of me, will stirre him

(I know his Noble Nature) not to let

Thy hopefull service perish too. Good *Cromwell* 510

Neglect him not; make use² now, and provide

For thine owne future safety. ² *interest*

Crom. O my Lord,

487. *Orphants*: orphans' (Orphans) -4F. *on him*: on 'em -CAPELL.

497-8. 1 l. -POPE.

502. *waighted*: waited -4F.

Must I then leave you? Must I needes forgo
 So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
 Beare witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayres
 For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
 In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me 521
 (Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
 Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
 Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
 And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
 Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
 A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me: 531
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
 (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
 Love thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
 Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
 To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and feare not;
 Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
 Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell*)
 Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. 541
 Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
 There take an Inventory of all I have,
 To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
 And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,

I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
 Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
 I serv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
 Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience. 550

Card. So I have. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*A street in Westminster.*]

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 [*Gen.*] Y'are well met once againe.

2 [*Gen.*] So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
 The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
 The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
 This generall joy. 10

2 'Tis well: The Citizens
 I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
 As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
 In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
 Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Never greater,
 Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
 That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List 20
 Of those that claime their Offices this day,
 By custome of the Coronation.
 The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes

To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

1 [2 *Gen.*] I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those
customs, |

I should have beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop 30
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off
From Amptill, where the Princesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kymmaltoun, 40
Where she remaines now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady. [*Trumpets.*]
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boys.*

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
- 2 *Then, two Judges.*
- 3 *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
- 4 *Quirristers singing.* Musicke. 49
- 5 *Maier of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in
his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt
Copper | Crowne.*

40. *Kymmaltoun:* Kimbolton-3-4F.

43-4. 1 l.-POPE.

51. *he wore:* out-ROWE.

- 6 Marquesse Dorset, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, | a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, | bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an | Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses. |*
- 7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his | head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With | him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalship, | a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses. |* 60
- 8 A Canopy, *borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, under it | the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with | Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, | and Winchester.*
- 9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, | wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Trainee. |*
- 10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, *with plaine Circlets of | Gold, without Flowers.*
- Exeunt, *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and | then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.* 70

2 A Royall Trainee beleeve me: These I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1 Yes.

2 Heaven blesse thee, [Looking on the Queen.]
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

60. *Esses: SS-Rowe.*

Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
 Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
 And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
 I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare
 The Cloath of Honour over her, are foure Barons
 Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy,
 And so are all, are neere her. 90
 I take it, she that carries up the Traine,
 Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolke.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
 And sometimes falling ones.

2 [1 Gen.] No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?

3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
 Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled 100
 With the meere ranknesse of their joy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to us?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
 Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
 To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
 A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe 110
 To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
 In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
 The Beauty of her Person to the People.

Beleeve me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
 That ever lay by man: which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
 As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
 As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
 (Doublets, I thinke) flew up, and had their Faces
 Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such joy 120
 I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
 That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
 In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
 And make 'em reele before 'em. No man living
 Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
 So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
 Cast her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people: 131
 When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
 She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
 As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confessors Crowne,
 The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
 Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
 With all the choysest Musicke of the Kingdome,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
 To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held. 140

1 Sir,

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
 For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
 'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byshops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary: 151
The other London.

2 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knowes that: -
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrink from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*, 160
A man in much esteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master o'th' Jewell House,
And one already of the Privy Councell.

2 He will deserve more.

3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more. 170

Both. You may command us Sir. *Excunt.*

150. *Stokeley*: *Stokesly*-4F.

162-3. 2 ll. ending *master, jewelhouse*-CAMBRIDGE.

167-8. 2 ll. ending *which, guests*-CAPELL.

Scena Secunda.[*Kimbolton.*]

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betwene Griffith,
her Gentleman Usber, and Patience
her Woman.*

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th' Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.

Did'st thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'st mee, 10
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolsey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no eare too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he stept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward 20
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: 30

13. *thanke*: *think*-2-4F.

Give him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gave his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,

His Faults lye gently on him:

40

Yet thus farre *Griffith*, give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man

Of an unbounded stomacke,¹ ever ranking ¹*pride*
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion

Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,

His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'presence

He would say untruths, and be ever double

Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.

His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:

50

But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:

Of his owne body he was ill, and gave

The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens evill manners, live in Brasse, their Vertues

We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse

To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall,

60

Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly

Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle

39-40. 1 l.—POPE.

62. *Honor. From his Cradle:* honour from his cradle.—THEOBALD.

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
 Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
 Lofty, and sowre to them that lov'd him not:
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most Princely: Ever witnesse for him
 Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you, 70
 Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
 The other (though unfinish'd) yet so Famous,
 So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
 That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue.
 His Overthrow, heap'd Happinesse upon him:
 For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
 And found the Blessednesse of being little.
 And to adde greater Honors to his Age
 Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God. 80

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
 No other speaker of my living Actions,
 To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
 But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffith*.
 Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee
 With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
 (Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the Musicians play me that sad note 90
 I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating
 On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

*Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe Person-
ages, | clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades
Garlands of | Bayes, and golden Vizards on their
faces, Branches of Bayes | or Palme in their hands.
They first Conge unto her, then | Dance: and at cer-
taine Changes, the first two hold a spare | Garland
over her Head, at which the other foure make re- |
verend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Gar-
land, deli- | ver the same to the other next two, who
observe the same or- | der in their Changes, and
holding the Garland over her | head. Which done,
they deliver the same Garland to the | last two: who
likewise observe the same Order. At which | (as it
were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes
of | rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.
And so, in | their Dancing vanish, carrying the Gar-
land with them. | The Musicke continues. 111*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames upon me, like the Sun? 120
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musicke ceases.*

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes? 131

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To use so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele. 140

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant. 150

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely

135. *And't*: An't—HANMER.

146, 149. *Capuchius*: *Capucius*—ROWE.

With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne service to your Grace, the next

The Kings request, that I would visit you,

Who grieves much for your weaknesse, and by me

Sends you his Princely Commendations, 160

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physicke given in time, had cur'd me:

But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name

Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter 170

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam. [*Giving it to Katharine.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse

The Modell of our chaste loves: his yong daughter,

The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Blessings on her,

Beseeching him to give her vertuous breeding.

She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature, 180

I hope she will deserve well; and a little

To love her for her Mothers sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knowes how deerely.

My next poore Petition,

Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserve
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule, 190
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the deerest in this world, 201
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie unto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him 210
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honor; strew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grave: Embalme me,

Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

220

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*London. A gallery in the palace.*]

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these late times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether so late? 10

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero¹
With the Duke of Suffolke. ¹ game at cards

Lov. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leave.

Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovell*: what's the matter?
It seemes you are in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have 20
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor

4. a clocke: o'clock--CAPELL.

17. and: an--CAPELL.

They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruite she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*, 30
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Lovell*, tak't of me, 40
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graves.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Master
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap¹ and 'Trade'² of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him? ¹way ²beaten track 50

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have
Incenst³ the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is³ *informed*
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved

48. *Lime: Time*-4F.

Have broken with the King, who hath so farre
 Given eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace, 60
 And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
 Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
 To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
 He be convented.¹ He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
 And we must root him out. From your Affaires
 I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Low. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night, 70
 My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little *Charles*, ^{1 summoned}
 Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
 Now *Lovel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Low. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman,
 I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
 In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
 Most heartily to pray for her. 80

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
 To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Low. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
 Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
 With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of
 Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
 Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember 90

74. *Fancies: fancy's* (Fancie's-3F.)-4F.

Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.

Suf. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayers,

King. Charles good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
As you commanded me. 101

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Us. [*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that, which the Byshop
spake, |
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoyd the Gallery. *Lovel seemes to stay.*
Ha? I have said. Be gone. 111
What? *Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he
thus? |

'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my dutie

110-11. 1 l.—CAPELL.

115-17. 2 ll. ending know, you—2 ROWE.

T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

120

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I have Newes to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I speake,

And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.

I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard many greevous. I do say my Lord

Greevous complaints of you; which being consider'd,

Have mov'd Us, and our Councell, that you shall 130

This Morning come before us, where I know

You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,

But that till further Triall, in those Charges

Which will require your Answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of us

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse

Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thanke your Highnesse,

And am right glad to catch this good occasion 140

Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe

And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury,

Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted

In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,

Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,

What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd

You would have given me your Petition, that 150

I should have tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance¹ further. ^{1 detention}

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not 160
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaves as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in perjur'd Witsnesse, then your Master, 170
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more prevaile, then we give way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see 180
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:

165. *dew*: *due*-3-4F.

173. *Precepit*: *precipice*-2-4F.

174. *woe*: *woo*-3-4F.

The best perswasions to the contrary
 Faile not to use, and with what vehemencie
 Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this Ring
 Deliver them, and your Appeale to us
 There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
 He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
 I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule 190
 None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
 He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady. [Lovell following.]

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
 Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
 Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes 200
 I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliver'd?
 Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
 And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
 Both now, and ever blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
 Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
 Desires your Visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
 As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Lovell. 210

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
 Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lady, An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
 An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
 Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
 Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Before the council-chamber. Pursuivants, Pages,
 &c., attending.*]

Enter Cranmer, Archbyskop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
 That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
 To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?
 Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
 But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

10

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. [*Aside*] This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
 I came this way so happily. The King
 Shall understand it presently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis *Buts.*
 The Kings Physitian, as he past along
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:

217-19. 3 ll. ending him, now, issue—STEEVENS.

16. *Exit*: misprint IF.

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace: for certaine 20
 This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 (God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
 To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
 Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
 'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
 But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe
 above.*

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight. 30

King. What's that *Buts*?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
 Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Pursevants,
 Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought 40

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners; as not thus to suffer

A man of his Place, and so neere our favour

To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,

And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:

By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:

We shall heare more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iii. *The council-chamber.*]

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A | Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate. | Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Cham- | berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. | Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary. [Keeper at the door.] |

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours, 10
The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now. 20

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions, 31
 Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
 And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
 My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
 But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
 Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
 Out of our easinesse and childish pittie
 To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse; 40
 Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
 Commotions, uprores, with a generall Taint
 Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
 The upper *Germany* can deerely witnesse:
 Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
 Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my Authority,
 Might goe one way, and safely; and the end 50
 Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
 (I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirres against,
 Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publike peace then I doe:
 Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
 With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
 Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
 That in this case of Justice, my Accusers, 60
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
 That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more moment, |

We will be short with you. 'Tis his Hignesse pleasure
And our consent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe, 70
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Juror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe, 80
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discovers
To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How ever faultly, yet should finde respect 90
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound I say.

100

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbeare for shame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,

111

You be convaidd to th'Tower a Prisoner;

There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne unto us: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th'Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th'Guard be ready there.

120

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th'Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Maister. 130

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'Twold fall upon our selves.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him? 140
Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Divell
And his Disciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Sovereaigne,
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In dayly thankes; that gave us such a Prince; 150
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Judgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence

They are too thin, and base to hide offences, 160
 To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
 And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
 But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.

[*To Cranmer*] Good man sit downe: Now let me see
 the proudest |

Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 'Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;——

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me, 170
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,
 And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
 Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
 This good man (few of you deserve that Title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy
 At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so farre forget your selves? I gave ye
 Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,
 Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see, 180
 More out of Malice then Integrity,
 Would trye him to the utmost, had ye meane,¹
 Which ye shall never have while I live. ^{1 power}

Chan. Thus farre

My most dread Soveraigne, may it like your Grace,
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
 And faire purgation to the world then malice,
 I'm sure in me. 190

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,

168. *bis*: this—Rowe.

Take him, and use him well; hee's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholding to a Subject; I
 Am for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
 I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
 That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
 You must be Godfather, and answere for her. 200

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
 You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old
 Duchesse of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marquesse *Dorset*? will
 these please you?

Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart, 210
 And Brother; love I doe it.

Cran. And let Heaven
 Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation.

Kin. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
 hearts, |

The common voyce I see is verified
 Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
 A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:
 Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
 To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine: 220
 So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

204. *you'd: you'ld*—CAMBRIDGE.

211. *Brother; love: brother-love*—MALONE.

214. *hearts: heart*—2-4F.

Scena Tertia.[Scene iv. *The palace yard.*]*Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.*

Port. You'l leave your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th'Larder.

Port. Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em: Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

13

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Unlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe On May-day Morning, which will never be: We may as well push against Powles¹ as stirre 'em.

Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in? 20 As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote, (You see the poore remainder) could distribute, I made no spare Sir.

¹ *St. Paul's Church*

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:

5. *Parish: Paris*—4F.

Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her. 30

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Por. What should you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th'dozens? Is this *More* fields
to muster in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the
great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege us?
•Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether. *will-o'-the-wisp* ²*cap* ³*Help!* 42

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasi-
er by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the Dog-
dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
under the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
Drake¹ did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow us. There was a Habberda-
shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me,
till her pinck'd porrenger² fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes,³ when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide 'em
stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
deliver'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to

35. prose—*ROWE*. 36. *More fields*: *Moorfields* (*Moor-fields*)—3-4F.
56. *Strond*: *Strand*—4F.

draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Divell was amongst 'em I thinke surely. 62

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

70

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere? They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming, As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters? These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine hand fellowes? Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall have Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may doe, 80
Not being torne a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em. ^{1 liquor-bottles}

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and sodainlv: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards,¹ when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out 90
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde

76. *friends*: misprint 1F.

79. *And't*: An't-CAPELL.

90. *preasse*: press-4F. *away*: a way-2-4F.

A Marshallsey,¹ shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Por. Make way there, for the Princesse. ¹*prison*

Man. You great fellow, ²*woolen jacket*

Stand close up, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet,² get up o'th' raile,

Ile pecke³ you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.* ³*pitch*

Scena Quarta.

[Scene v. *The palace.*]

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Christening Gifts: Then foure | Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchesse of | Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in | a Mantle, &c. Trainee borne by a Lady: Then followes | the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La- | dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar- | ter speakes. |

11

Gart. Heaven

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happie, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England *Elizabeth.*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your Royall Grace, & the
good Queen, |

My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,

96. *Chamblet: camlet*—STEEVENS (1793).

12-15. prose—CAPELL.

Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy, 20
May hourelly fall upon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand up Lord, [*The King kisses the child.*]
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y' have beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady, - 30
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heaven still move about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes living with her, 40
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow: 50
Good growes with her.

In her dayes, Every Man shall eate in safety,
 Under his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre, 60
 As great in admiration as her selfe.
 So shall she leave her Blessednesse to One,
 (When Heaven shal call her from this clowd of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
 Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
 His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name, 70
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
 Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.

Kin. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
 An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
 Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin, 80
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she passe
 To th'ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbishop

Thou hast made me now a man, never before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
 'To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding: 90
 I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
 'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
 This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt*

THE EPILOGUE.

*Tis ten to one, this Play can never please
 All that are beere: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
 W' have frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,
 They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City
 Abus'd extreemly, and to cry that's witty,
 Which wee have not done neither; that I feare
 All the expected good w' are like to heare.
 For this Play at this time, is onely in
 The mercifull construction of good women,
 For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,
 And say twill doe; I know within a while,
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.*

FINIS.

90. you: your—THEOBALD.
 9. period out—POPE.

Ep. 5. Tumpets: trumpets—2-41

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS

First printed in Quartos, 1600, 1611

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Second Quarto

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

TITUS ANDRONICUS' is well characterized as a 'Lamentable Tragedy.' It is a mirror of evil passions and still more evil deeds. Fairness is met by deceit; chastity by lust; and intrigue by the spilling of blood.

Titus Andronicus, a Roman general, aids a new emperor, Saturninus, to ascend the throne. The emperor asks his daughter Lavinia's hand in marriage, which is given. She, however, is carried off by force by Bassianus, the emperor's brother. Titus kills one of his own sons for aiding in the seizure, yet the episode is used by the emperor as a pretext for slighting Titus, whose power he fears. Saturninus chooses Tamora, Queen of the Goths, for wife, and finds her also aflame against Titus on account of her son's death.

The royal couple veil their hatred of the general (Act II), and he gives a hunt in their honor. Aaron, a Moorish paramour of Tamora, meets her and causes her two sons to ravish Lavinia. Bassianus is slain, and the Moor accuses two sons of Titus.

They are sentenced to death (Act III). Titus cuts off his own hand — at the Moor's instigation — to save them, but without avail. He thereupon swears vengeance.

In Act IV Lucius, a son of Titus, menaces Rome

T. A. C

TITUS ANDRONICUS

with an army of Goths. Tamora agrees to a parley at Titus's house.

Titus has meanwhile feigned insanity, and continues the rôle at an interview with Tamora (Act V). When she departs he kills her two sons and bakes their remains in a pie, which is offered to her and the emperor at their parley with Lucius. A general slaughter ensues, in which Titus, Lavinia, the emperor, and the empress are slain. Lucius afterward ascends the throne, and the Moor is condemned to slow death.

SOURCES

No direct source for the play has as yet been discovered. A ballad originally entitled 'A Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus,' registered in 1593, and since republished in Percy's 'Reliques,' was formerly considered a source of the play, but has come to be considered a condensed copy of it. Henslowe's 'Diary' records a performance of 'Titus and Vespasia' in 1591, but the play has been lost. Another lost play is a Quarto version of 'Titus Andronicus,' which was entered in 1593 (see Date of Composition).

The subject of Titus Andronicus was popular in the sixteenth century, yet no earlier record or allusion to such a story can be found. The name Andronicus is a Greek derivative. None of the other characters is suggested by Roman history.

A German play by the same name, acted in 1600, contained a character, Vespasian, which seems to bear reference to the Vespasia of the 1591 play.

The question of authorship is quite as indefinite. Most of the early Shakespearian editors, after the First Folio, rejected this play. In 1678 Edward Ravens-

INTRODUCTION

croft produced a revised text, with a preface in which he said: 'I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his [Shakespeare's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.' The play's evident inferiority led to a general concurrence in this opinion, which has since been little refuted. Traits of both Greene and Marlowe appear; and a warrantable belief is that these two and Shakespeare, with possible access to the early Quarto version of the play, rewrote 'Titus' for general use in various companies.

The evidence that inclines to the authorship of Shakespeare is the mention of the play as one of his by Meres in 1598, and, of course, its inclusion by Hemminge and Condell in the First Folio. But these facts have not availed against the textual evidence afforded by the play itself, and the theory of joint authorship is generally received.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Four days are represented on the stage, with possibly two intervals, i.e., between the second and third, and third and fourth days. Day 1 occupies the first act and scene i of Act II. Day 2, Act II, scenes ii-iv, Act III, scene i. Day 3, Act III, scene ii. Day 4, remainder of play.

The period of the play is indeterminable, but falls somewhere within the decadence of the Roman Empire.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' speaks, in 1598,

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TITUS ANDRONICUS

of Shakespeare's play of 'Titus Andronicus' as being then well known. A Quarto version of 1594 was mentioned in Gerard Longbaine's 'English Dramatick Poets' (1691), and is sustained by the entry on the 'Stationers' Register,' February 6, 1593. Ben Jonson alludes to a version, probably even earlier, in his 'Bartholomew Fair' (1612-4), where he says: 'Hee that will sweare Jeronimo, or Andronicus are the best playes yet, shall passe unexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Judgment shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these five and twentie or thirtie yeeres.' This version must have antedated 1589, but was probably not the Shakespearian one.

Internal evidence is not reliable on account of the composite nature of the work. It stands quite apart from the love-plays of Shakespeare's early period, and points to the Marlowan school, with its criminals like Barabas. Aaron has more in common with them than with the crafty Iago or Iachimo of Shakespeare's later tragedies.

'Titus Andronicus,' so far as Shakespeare was concerned in it, must have been one of his earliest pieces of dramatic writing, done about the year 1590.

EARLY EDITIONS

The Quarto edition of 1600 is the earliest that has come down to us. Its title-page reads:

'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Servants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White and are to be solde at his

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shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun, 1600.'

A Second Quarto appeared in 1611:

'The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Majesties Servants.' The imprint was the same.

The First Folio, 1623, gives the play under the tragedies, it occupying twenty-two pages, from page 31 to page 52, inclusive. It is divided into acts, but lacks the scenes and *Dramatis Personæ*, first supplied by Rowe.

The Folio version and title follow the Second Quarto, with some printer's errors. It supplies, however, an entire scene (Act III, scene iii) not found in the Quartos. The texts of all the early versions are in good condition.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus the Tribune.*

SEMPRONIUS, }
CAIUS, } *kinsmen to Titus.*
VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS, }
DEMETRIUS, } *sons to Tamora.*
CHIRON, }

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*]

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.*]

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then | enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, | and Bassianus and his Followers at the | other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords. 10
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,

11. *I was the: I am his—Qq.*

15-16. 1 l.—Qq.

Favourers of my Right:

If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsars Sonne*,

Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,

Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:

And suffer not Dishonour to approach

20

Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate

To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:

But let Desert in pure Election shine;

And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends,

Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:

Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand

A speciall Party, have by Common voyce

In Election for the Romane Emperie,

30

Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,

For many good and great deserts to Rome.

A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,

Lives not this day within the City Walles.

He by the Senate is accited¹ home ^{*1 summoned*}

From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,

That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)

Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Armes.

Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke

This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes

40

Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes

In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,

Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,

21. *Seate to Vertue: consecrate: Seat, to virtue consecrate-*

2 ROWE.

31. *Pious: Pius-2-4F.*

Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
 Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
 Whom (worthily) you would have now succede,
 And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
 Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, 50
 That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
 Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
 Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
 To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie¹ ¹ confide
 In thy uprightnesse and Integrity:
 And so I Love and Honor thee, and thine,
 Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
 And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) 60
 Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
 That I will heere dismiss my loving Friends:
 And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
 Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours [the Followers of Bassianus].

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene
 Thus forward in my Right,
 I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
 And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
 Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause: 70
 [*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kinde to thee.
 Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. *They go up into the Senat house.*

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, 80
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of
Titus | Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin
covered | with blacke, then two other-Sonnes. After
them, Titus | Andronicus, and then Tamora the
Queene of Gothes, & | her two Sonnes Chiron and
Demetrius, with [Alarbus,] Aaron the | Moore, and
others, as many as can bee: They set downe the | Coffin,
and Titus speakes. |*

Andronicus. Haile Rome: 90
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:
Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,¹
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay, ¹freight
From whence at first she wegh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes, 100
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alive and dead!
These that Survine, let Rome reward with Love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,

90-1. 1 l.-Qq.

92. *bis*: her-4F.

94. *wegib'd*: weigh'd-3-4F.

103. *Survine*: survive-2-4F.

With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
 Heere Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
 Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
 Make way to lay them by their Bretheren. 110

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 O sacred receptacle of my joyes,
 Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
 How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
 That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh: 120
 Before this earthly prison of their bones,
 That so the shadowes be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives,
 The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Ivm. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
 A Mothers teares in passion¹ for her sonne: ¹ *suffering*
 And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
 Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee. 130
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
 To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
 Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
 But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
 For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?

115. *Noblitie*: nobility-2-4F.

116. *hast thou in*: *hast thou of mine in*-1Q.

120. *manus*: *manes* -3-4F.

121. *earthly*: *earthly*-Qq.

126. *Ivm.*: misprint 1F. only.

130. *sonnes*: *son*-Qq.

O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.

Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull. 140

Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient¹ your selfe Madam, and pardon me.

These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld

Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,

Religiously they aske a sacrifice: ¹ *quict*

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,

T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,

And with our Swords upon a pile of wood, 150

Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive,

To tremble under *Titus* threatning lookes,

Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,

The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge 160

Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,

May favour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,

(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

144. *tbe*: *their*-Qq. 155. *me*: *not*-Qq. 157. *lookes*: *look*-Qq.

*Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe
[with their swords bloody].*

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren, 170
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no envie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe, 181
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand, 190
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd

167. *rightes*: *rites*—2-4F.

192-3. 1 l.—Qq.

191. *Fortune*: *fortunes*—Qq.

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
 And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

[*Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-
 enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.*]

Marc. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
 Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanks Gentle Tribune,
 Noble brother *Marcus*. 200

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
 You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:
 Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
 That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
 But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
 That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
 And Triumphs over chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever bene,
 Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust, 210
 This Palliament¹ of white and spotlesse Hue, ^{1 robe}
 And name thee in Election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
 Be *Candidatus*² then, and put it on, ^{2 candidate}
 And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
 Then his that shakes for age and feeblennesse:
 What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
 Be chosen with proclamations to day;
 To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life, 220
 And set abroad new businesse for you all.
 Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,

199-200. 1 l.-Qq. 203. *all:* out-Qq. 218. *d'on:* don-IQ.

And led my Countries strength successefully,
 And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
 Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
 In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:
 Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 But not a Scepter to controule the world,
 Upright he held it Lords, that held it last. 229

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
 Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
 Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
 That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee 240
 The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
 But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
 My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
 I will most thankefull be, and thanks to men
 Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
 I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
 Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*, 250
 And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
 That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,

Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
 Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
 And ripen Justice in this Common-weale:
 Then if you will elect by my advise,
 Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and Plebeans we Create 261

Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
 And say, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
 To us in our Election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
 And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
 And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
 Thy Name, and Honorable Familie, 270
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
 Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
 And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
 Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
 I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
 And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
 King and Commander of our Common-weale,
 The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
 My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisonerss, 280
 Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
 Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
 Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
 Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now Madam are your prisoner
to an Emperour, |
To him that for you Honour and your State, 290
Will use you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere up Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, 300
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*]

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolv'd withall, 310
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romane Justice,
This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* live.

289. *your: you*—Qq.2-4F.

293. *a new: anew*—Rowe.

301. *your: you*—Qq.3F.

290. *you: your*—Qq.2-4F.

295-6. 1 l.—Qq.3-4F.

312. *cuiquam: cuique*—2-4F.

Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guard?
 Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
 Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Muti. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away, 320
 And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*

[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron go out and re-enter, above. Re-enter Lucius.*]

Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more then so,
 In wrongfull quarrell, you have slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
 My sonnes would never so dishonour me.

Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour. 330

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 That is anothers lawfull promist Love. [*Exit.*]

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
 Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
 Thee never: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
 Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

323-5. 2 ll. ending boy, help—POPE.

Was none in Rome to make a stale¹ ¹ *laughing* 340
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:

A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enjoy:

One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To ruffle² in the Common-wealth of Rome. ² *swagger*

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mong'st her Nymphs 352

Dost over-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,

Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,

And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?

And heere I swear by all the Romaine Gods,

Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,

And Tapers burne so bright, and every thing 360

In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,

Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,

I leade espous'd my Bride along with me,

Tamo. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of Gothes,

Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,

A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Qeene,

Panthean Lords, accompany 370

340. *Was none in:* Was there none else in—2-4F.

352. *Thebe:* Phœbe—2-4F.

369. *Qeene:* Queen—2-4F.

369-70. 1 l.—Qq. 370. *Panthean Lords:* Pantheon. Lords—POPE.

Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes [but Titus].

Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done! 380
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonnē.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Unworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let us give him buriall as becomes:
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edified: 390
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne [Quintus] speakes. 400

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

389. *bundreth*: hundred-3-4F. 401. *vouch'd*: vouch-Q2.4F.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Even thou hast stroke upon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. *Sonne.* [*Mart.*] He is not himselfe, let us withdraw.

2. *Sonne.* [*Quin.*] Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele. 411

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

420

The Greekes upon advise did bury *Ajax*

That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

430

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy
friends |

405. *stroke*: struck-3-4F.

409. *not himselfe*: not with himself-QQ. 410. *tell*: till-3-4F.

422. *And Laertes*: And wise *Laertes*-QQ.

Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell, 440
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the
Moore | at one doore. Enter at the other doore
Bassianus and | Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leave. 451

Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with us,
But if we live, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I have done as best I may, 460
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,

436. *sudden*: dreary (dririe-Qq.)—POPE. 454. *cease*: seize—3F.

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
 In zeale to you, and highly mov'd to wrath.
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*, 470
 That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonoured me,
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if ever *Tamora*,
 Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
 'Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
 And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past. 480

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
 The Gods of Rome for-fend,¹ 1 forbid
 I should be Authour to dishonour you.
 But on mine honour dare, I undertake
 For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
 Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
 Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
 Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose, 490
 Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
 My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
 Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
 You are but newly planted in your Throne,

Least then the people, and Patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take *Titus* part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
 Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
 Ile finde a day to massacre them all, 500
 And race their faction, and their familie,
 The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
 To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
 And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
 Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
 Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
 Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. [*Satu.*] Rise *Titus*, rise,
 My Empresse hath prevail'd. 510

Titus. I thanke your Majestie,
 And her my Lord.
 These words, these lookes,
 Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily.
 And must advise the Emperour for his good,
 This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. 520
 For you Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperour,
 That you will be more milde and tractable.
 And feare not Lords:
 And you *Lavinia*,

497. *us: you*—1Q.501. *race: raze*—3-4F.

509-14. 3 ll. ending prevail'd, lord, me—Qq.

524-5. 1 l.—Qq.

By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Majestie.

Son. We doe,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might, 530
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats, 540
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand up: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Love-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Majestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound, 550
Weele give your Grace *Bon jour*. ¹ many thanks

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy¹ to. *Exeunt.*

534-5. 1 l.—Qq.

538-9. 1 l.—Qq.

539. *brothers*: *brother's*—Rowe.

542. *Stand up*: separate l.—Capell.

543. *sware*: *swore*—Qq.

548. *and*: *an*—Theobald.

550-1. 1 l.—Qq.

552. *to*: *too*—2-4F.

Actus Secunda.

[Scene i. *Rome. Before the palace.*]

Flourish.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd about pale envies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistening Coach,
And over-lookes the highest piercing hills: 10

So *Tamora.*

Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.

Away with slavish weedes, and idle thoughts, 20

I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddess, this *Semerimis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

6. *about*: above—2-4F.

10. *piercing*: peering—THEOBALD.

16. *triumph*: triumph—QQ. 2-4F.

20. *idle*: servile—IQ.

24. *Queene*: nymph—IQ.

26. *Common weales*: commonweal's—POPE.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd, 30
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st over-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my Mistris grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* love. 39

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunsing Rapier¹ by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: have your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so brave? *They drawe.*

Aron. [*Coming forward*] Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw, 50
¹ ornamental sword

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote,² the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold, ² know
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put up.

29. *wants*: want-2-4F.

42. *daunsing*: dancing-3-4F.

Deme. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere. 61

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will undoo us all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right? 70
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Justice, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise, 80
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this devise.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,

63-4. 1 l.—Qq.

70. set: jet—Qq.

76. discord: discord's—4F.

86-8. 2 ll. ending deaths, love—HANMER.

68. pretty: petty—Qq. 4F.

75. and: an—CAPELL.

79-80. 1 l.—Qq.

To atchieve her whom I do love.

Aron. To atcheive her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange? 90

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,

Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,

Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lov'd.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill

Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is

Of a cut loafe to steale a shivel we know: ¹*slice*

Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,

Better then he have worne *Vulcans* badge.

Aron, [*Aside*] I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
court it | 100

With words, faire lookes, and liberality:

What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,

And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serve your turnes.

Cbi. I so the turne were served.

Deme. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo: 109

Why harke yee, harke yee, aud are you such fooles,

To square² for this? Would it offend you then?

[That both should speede.] ²*quarrel*

Cbi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & joyne for that you jar:

'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe

That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would atcheive,

99. *Saturnius*: *Saturninus*-1Q.2-4F.

110. *aud*: and-2-4F.

111-12. bracketed l.-Qq.

You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* love, 120
 A speedier course this lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
 My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
 There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
 The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kinde¹ for rape and villanie: 1 nature
 Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way or not at all, stand you in hope. 130
 Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
 To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our engines with advise,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes height advance you both.
 The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
 The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes.
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
 And revell in *Lavinia's* Treasurie. 142
Chi. Thy counsell I ad smells of no cowardise.
Deme. *Sy fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
 To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vebor. Excunt.

121. *this*: than—Rowe.

144. *Sy fas*: Sit fas—QQ. *streames*: stream—QQ.

145. *their*: these—1Q.

146. *Stigia*: Styga—4F.

[Scene ii. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*]

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse | with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragranr, and the Woods are greene,
Uncouple heere, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
'To attend the Emperours person carefully: 10
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

*Heere a cry of boundes, and winde hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron,
De- | metrius, and their Attendants.*

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you have rung it lustily my Lords, 20
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:
I have bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport: [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall
ye see, |

4. *fragranr*: fragrant—Qq. 2-4F.

24. *bene awake*: been broad awake—Qq.

Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Pomontary top. 30

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A lonely part of the forest.*]

Enter Aaron alone. [With a bag of gold.]

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:

And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,
[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest. 10

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My lovely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweete shade, *Aaron* let us sit,

30. *Pomontary*: Promontory—Qq. 2-4F.

32. *runnes likes*: run like—3-4F.

12-13. 1 l.—Qq.

And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds, 20
 Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
 And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Cave,
 We may each wreathed in the others armes,
 (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
 Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
 Be unto us, as is a Nurses Song 31
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,

Though *Venus* governe your desires,
 Saturne is Dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
 My fleece of Woolly haire, that now uncurls,
 Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle
 To do some fatall execution? 40
 No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head.
 Harke *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
 Which never hopes more heaven, then rests in thee,
 This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
 Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee, 50
 And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,

Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great *Empresse*, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes 59
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be. [*Exit.*]

Bassi. Whom have we heere?
Romes Royall *Empresse*,
Unfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our private steps:
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was *Actcons*, and the Hounds 70
Should drive upon his new transformed limbes,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lavi. Under your patience gentle *Empresse*,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in *Horning*,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassi. Beleeve me *Queene*, your swarth *Cymerion*,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue, 80
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.

56-7. 1 l.-Qq.

61-2. 1 l.-Qq.

71. *bis*: thy-1Q.

60. *quarrell*: quarrels-1Q. 3-4F.

63. *our*: her-1Q.

67. *our*: my-1Q.

79. *Cymerion*: Cimmerian-THEOBALD.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
 Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
 And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
 If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
 For Saucinesse, I pray you let us hence,
 And let her joy her Raven coloured love, 90
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lavi. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
 Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Sovereaigne
 And our gracious Mother,
 Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tamo. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
 These two have tic'd me hither to this place, 101
 A barren, detested vale you see it is.

The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
 Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
 Heere never shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
 Unlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Raven: ¹*hedgehogs*
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me heere at dead time of the night,
 A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes, 109
 Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Urchins,¹
 Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

85. *Accompanied with*: Accompanied but with—1Q.

92. *notice*: *note*—POPE.

95. *I have*: have 1—2-4F.

97-8. 1 1.—Qq.

As any mortall body hearing it,
 Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
 Unto the body of a dismall yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
 That ever eare did heare to such effect. 120
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
 Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. *stab him.*

Cbi. And this for me,
 Strook home to shew my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

Lavi. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.
 For no name fits thy nature but thy owne. 129

Tam. Give me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
 Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
 First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
 This Minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
 And with that painted hope, braves your Mightinesse,
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Cbi. And if she doe,
 I would I were an Eunuch,
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, 140
 And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

126-7. 1 l.-Qq.

128. *I come: Ay, come*-HANMER.

138. *And: An*-HANMER.

138-9. 1 l.-Qq.

141. *Trunke-Pillow: trunk pillow*-4F.

Tamo. But when ye have the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-live us both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lavi. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavi. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory 150
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lavi. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,

[*To Chiron*]

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittty.

Chiro. What,

Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard? 160

Lavi. 'Tis true,

The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,

Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion mov'd with pittty, did indure

To have his Princely paves par'd all away.

Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,

The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,

Nothing so kind but something pittifull. 169

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slaine thee:

142. we: ye-2-4F.

159-60. 1 l.-Qq.

155. suck'st: suck'dst-2Rowe.

161-2. 1 l.-Qq.

Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Even for his sake am I pittillesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me. 180

Lavi. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go!

Lavi. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit, 190
Where never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid us heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—— 200

Cbi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him.

181-2. 1 l.—Qq.

195-6. 1 l.—Qq.

197. *Garace:* grace—Qq. 2-4F.

197-8. 1 l.—Qq.

201-2. 1 l.—Qq.

[*Demetrius throzes the body of Bassianus into the pit;
then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, drag-
ging off Lavinia.*]

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

*Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes [Quintus and
Martius].*

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit. 211
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers, 220
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st object [*hurt,*]
'That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the King to finde
them heere, |
That he thereby may have a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

216-17. 1 l.-20.

220. *mornings*: morning-1Q.4F.

223-4. 1 l.-20.

224. bracketed word-1Q.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole? 231

Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold 240
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument, 250
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good, 260
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,

238-9. 1 l.-QQ. 245. *the*: a-QQ. 251. *earthly*: earthy 1Q.
258. *Ocitus*: *Cocytus*'-4F.

Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* grave:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Boths fall in. |

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it. 270
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The unhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, heere have we found him dead. 281

*Enter Tamora, [with Attendants,] Andronicus, and
Lucius.* |

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. [*Sat.*] Heere *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grieffe. |

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound, |

Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.

267. *Boths*: Both-3-4F.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this
 fatall writ, | ¹ *plotted scheme*
 The complot¹ of this timelesse² Tragedie, ² *untimely*
 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, 290
 In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him hansomely,
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
 Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,
 Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
 Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
 Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit:
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss 300
 Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
 This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
 Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
 That should have murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of
 bloody kind |
 Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
 Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison,
 There let them bide untill we have devis'd 310
 Some never heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
 Oh wondrous thing!
 How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,

294. *And:* An-HANMER. 300. *Bassianuss:* *Bassianus*-2-4F.
 311. *tortering:* *torturing*-4F. 312-13. 1 l.-Qq.

I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
 'That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
 Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them.

King. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparant,
 Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you? 320

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it up.

Tit. I did my Lord,
 Yet let me be their baile,
 For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
 They shall be ready at yout Highnes will,
 To answere their suspition with their lives.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
 Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
 Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
 For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
 That end upon them should be executed. 331

Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
 Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
 Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the forest.*]

*Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut
 off and | her tongue cut out, and ravisht.*

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
 Who t'was that cut thy tongue and ravisht thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
 And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.

318. *faults:* fault—THEOBALD. 322-3. 1 l.—QQ.

324. *Fathers:* father's—DELIUS. *reverent:* reverend—4F.

325. *yout:* your—2-4F.

334-5. 1 l.—QQ.

3. *and:* an—THEOBALD.

6. *And:* An—CAPELL.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leave her to her silent walkes. 11

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt [Demetrius and Chiron].

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, 20

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne ungentle hands

Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments

Whose circkling shadowes, Kings have sought to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy Love: Why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a Crimson river of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips, 30

Comming and going with thy hony breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,

And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

7. *scowle*: scrowl—IQ.

8-9. 11.—QQ.

12. *And*: An—CAPELL. *cause*: case—POPE.

23. *Hath*: Have—2ROWE.

27. *halfe*: have—THEOBALD.

33. *them*: him—ROWE.

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
 Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
 Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so;
 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast 40
 That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt,
 Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
 Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
 But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sowed then *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands, 50
 'Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then have toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made:
 He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
 For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
 One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades, 60
 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

36. *their*: three—HANMER.45, 49. *sowed*: sew'd—POPE.47. *withall*: out—Qq.57. *Poets*: poet's—ROWE.

Actus Tertius.[Scene i. *Rome. A street.*]

Enter the Judges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, | passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going | before pleading.

Ti. Heare me grave fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see, 10
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
 For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

*Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by him
 [and exeunt].*

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite. 19
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 In summers drought: Ile drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,

13. *is: are*—2-4F.

17. *these, Tribunes: these, these tribunes*—2-4F.

21. *be friend: befriend*—QQ. 3-4F. 22. *ruines: urns*—HANMER.

And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Unbinde my sonnes, reverse the doome of death, 30
And let me say (that never wept before)
My teares are now prevailing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare 40
They would not pittie me. [yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse unto them.]

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answeere my distresse,

Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale;

When I doe weepe, they humbly at my fecte

Receive my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,

And were they but attired in grave weedes,

Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft waxe, 50

Tribunes more hard then stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

26. *eternall*: eternal-QQ.2-4F. 29. *reverent*: reverend-3-4F.

34. *beare not*: hear you not-QQ.2-4F.

40. *oh if they did beare*: or if they did mark-1Q.

41-2. bracketed ll.-1Q.

42. *bootles*: out-1Q.

50-1. 1 l.-QQ.

50. *as soft*: soft as-QQ.

And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
[*Rises.*]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'st
My everlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers? 60
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art-thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter. 70

Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Luc. Aye me this object kills me.

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke upon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too, 80
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:

56. *pronounc'st*: pronounced—Qq. 3-4F.

62. repeated *and* out—2-4F.

61. *pray*: prey—2-4F.

66. *noble*: aged—1Q.

And they have nur'st this woe,
In feeding life:

In bootelesse prayer have they bene held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use.

Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:

'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine. 89

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receivde some unrecuring wound. 100

Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inviron'd with a wildernessse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone: 110
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne,

82-3. 1 l.-Qq.
101-2. 1 l.-Qq.

89. *is: are*-Rowe.

96-7. 1 l.-Qq.
106-7. 1 l.-Qq.

Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.

Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,

It would have madded me. What shall I doe?

Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death 120

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares

Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony-dew,

Upon a gathred Lillie almost withered.,

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,

Because the law hath tane revenge on them. 130

No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,

Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,

Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good Uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,

And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,

Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes

How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry

With miery slime left on them by a flood:

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long, 140

Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,

And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes

Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?

128. *him: them*—1Q.

134. *signes: sign*—QQ.

138. *in: as*—2COLLIER.

What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
 Plot some devise of further miseries
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieve
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps. 150

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
 eyes. ¹ *handkerchief*

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
 Thy napkin¹ cannot drinke a teare of mine,
 For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I understand her signes,
 Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.

His Napkin with her true teares all bewet, 160
 Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheekes.

Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
 As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sonnes,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King: he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alive, 170
 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
 Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke,
 That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprise?
 With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
 Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

147. *miseries*: misery—Qq.

160. *ber*: his—4F.

175. *my band*: separate l.—STEEVENS (1793).

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you, 180
And therfore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serve
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come. 190

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe. 200

Mar. But I will use the Axe. *Exeunt* [*Lu.* & *Mar.*]

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,

Moore. [*Aside*] If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus band.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
 Good *Aron* give his Majestie me hand, 211
 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
 More hath it merited: That let it have.
 As for for my sonnes, say I account of them,
 As jewels purchast at an easie price,
 And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee:
 [*Aside*] Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. 221
 Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will have his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? [*To Lav.*]
 Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
 Or with our sighs wee cle breath the welkin¹ dimme,
 And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosomes. 231

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities, ¹sky
 And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, having no bottome?
 Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I binde my woes:

210. *you: your*-2-4F.

215. repeated *for out*-2-4F.

211. *me: my*-2-4F.

229. *breath: breathe*-4F.

When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow?
 If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad, 240
 Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coile? ¹ *tumult*
 I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my Sea be moved with her sighes,
 Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
 Become a deluge: overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them:-
 Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave, 250
 To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
 For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
 Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
 And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
 Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
 That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
 More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot *Ætna* coole in *Cicilie*, 260
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
 These miseries are more then may be borne.
 To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
 That ever death should let life beare his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

243. *flow*: blow-2-4F.

260. *Cicilie*: Sicily-3-4F.

268. *breath*: breathe-4F.

As frozen water to a starved snake. 270

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
 'Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
 'Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
 'Thy other banisht sonnes with this decre¹ sight
 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony Image, cold and numme. ¹ *piteous*
 Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
 Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight 280
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
 Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I have not another teare to shed:
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurpe upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
 Then which way shall I finde Revenges Cave?
 For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, 290
 And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
 Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come let me see what taske I have to doe,
 You heavie people, circle me about,
 That I may turne me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soule to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I beare. 299
 And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:

274. *bands:* hand-QQ.4F.

275. *sonnes:* son-QQ.

278. *my:* thy-THEOBALD.

279. *Rent:* Rend-2ROWE.

300. *And:* out-2-4F. *employd in these things:* employ'd: these arms!-GLOBE.

Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
 And if you love me, as I thinke you doe,
 Let's kisse and part, for we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
 Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe, 310
 He loves his pledges dearer then his life:
 Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefes:
 If *Lucius* live, he will requit your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
 Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power, 319
 To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine.* *Exit Lucius*

[Scene ii. *A room in Titus's house.*]

A Bnaket [set out].

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy
[young Lucius].

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
 Then will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:

311. *loves: leaves*—*Rowe.*

316. *requit: requite*—*QQ. 3-4F.*

1. *Bnaket: Banquet*—*2-4F.*

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
 And cannot passionate¹ our tenfold grieffe,
 With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
 Is left to tirranize uppon my breast. ¹ *compassionate*
 Who when my hart all mad with misery, 11
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thumpe it downe. [To Lavinia]

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
 When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
 Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
 Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
 And just against thy hart make thou a hole,
 That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall 20
 May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
 Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands uppon her tender life.

An How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
 Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
 What violent hands can she lay on her life:
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
 To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable? 30
 O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
 Least we remember still that we have none,
 Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
 As if we should forget we had no hands:
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
 Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
 Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
 I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
 She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares 39

15. *without ragious: with outrageous*—2-4F.

Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd uppon her cheekes,
 Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
 In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
 As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
 But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet, ^{1 continued}
 And by still ¹ practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leave these bitter deepe laments,
 Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd, 50
 Doth weepe to see his grandsires heavinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
 And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
 What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I have kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
 Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:

A deed of death done on the Innocent
 Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone, 60
 I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings
 And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
 Poore harmelesse Fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came heere to make us merry,
 And thou hast kil'd him.

41. *complaynet*: complainer-2-4F.

55. *with knife*: with thy knife-2-4F.

57. *the*: thee-3-4F.

60. *broher*: brother-2-4F.

56. *Flys*: fly-2-4F.

58. *cloi'd*: are cloy'd-2-4F.

68-9. 1 l.-CAPELL.

Mar. Pardon me sir, 70
It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selves, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *T'amira*: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low, 80
But that betweene us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieffe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *Rome. Titus's garden.*]

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his bookes under his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

70-1. 1 l.—POPE.

77. *my selves*: myself—2-4F.

79. *Tamira*: *Tamora*—2-4F. *Ab sirra*: separate l.—CAPELL.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did. 11

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she have thee goe with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Unlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I have heard my Grandsier say full oft,

Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that *Hecubæ* of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt, 30

And Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

[*Lavinia* turns over with her stumps the books which

Lucius has let fall.]

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

9. thy: thine-QQ.

13. Feare not: Fear her not-QQ.

15. Some whether: Some whither-2-4F.

24. Hecubæ: Hecuba-2-4F.

25. through: for-1Q.

Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed. 40

What booke?

Why lifts she up her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ovids Metamorphosis,
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhabs she culd it from among the rest. 50

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaves,

[*Helping her.*]

Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?

And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes¹ the leaves

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Ravisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was? ¹ *observes*

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt, 60

(O had we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Unlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

41. *What booke:* out—QQ.

45. *to:* for—QQ.

47. *Metamorphosis:* *Metamorphoses*—POPE.

50. *Perhabs:* misprint 1 F.

51. *Soft, so busily:* *Soft!* see how busily—ROWE.

52. *Helpe her:* out—GLOBE.

60. *See, see:* separate l.—POPE.

Ti. Give signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends |

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, 71

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*.

*He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.-*

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This after me, I have writ my name,

Without the helpe of any hand at all.

Curst be that hart that forc'st us to that shift:

Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last, 80

What God will have discovered for revenge,

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,

That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. *Magni Dominator poli,* 90
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.

68. *erst*s: *erst*-2-4F.

77. *me, I*: *me*, when I-2-4F.

79. *forc'st*: *forced*-3-4F. *that*: *this*-Qq. 2-4F.

86. *writs*: *writ*-2-4F.

My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
 And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
 And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere¹
 And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame, ¹*husband*
 Lord *Junius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape, 100
 That we will prosecute (by good advise)
 Mortall revenge upon these traytorous Gothes,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
 But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
 The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
 Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
 And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
 And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
 You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone: 110
 And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
 And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
 Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaves abroad,
 And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
 For his ungratefull country done the like. 120

Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
 Presents that I intend to send them both,
 Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

104. *and:* an—CAPELL.

108. *palyeth:* playeth—2-4F.

121. *and if:* an if—THEOBALD.

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court, 130
 I marry will we sir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield,
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
 Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

[Scene ii. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another | dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of | weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
 I greete your honours from *Andronicus*, 8
 [*Aside*] And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie lovely *Lucius*, what's the newes?

[*Puer.*^a That you are both decipherd, thats the newes,] |

For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
 My Grandsire well advis'd hath sent by me,
 The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
 To gratifie your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
 And so I do and with his gifts present
 Your Lordships, when ever you have need,

138. *Revenge the:* *Revenge, ye*-DYCE. 10-11. bracketed l.-QQ.

11. *villanie's:* *villains*-3-4F.

17. *when:* *that, when*-POPE.

^a *Puer.:* (*Boy*-POPE) *Lu.*-GLOBE.

You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: [*Aside*] like bloody villaines.

Exit |

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.

21

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury jaculis nec
ar- | cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I just, a verse in *Horace*: right, you have it,
[*Aside*] Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound jest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick: 30
But were our witty *Empresse* well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa'st not a happy starre
Led us to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts. 40

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

22-3. 2 ll. ending *purus, arcu*—THEOBALD. *egit maury: eget*
Mauri—IQ. 2-4F. *arcus: arcu*—2-4F. 29. *tbe: them*—IQ.

38. *brothers: brother's*—ROWE.

46. *you: your*—QQ. 3-4F.

Deme. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils, the gods have given
us over. | 50

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone, 60
Now helpe, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.

Aron To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God give her good rest,
What hath he sent her? 70

Nurse. A devill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a joyfull issue.

Nurse. A joylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

69-70. 11.-22.

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done? 80

Aron. That which thou canst not undoe.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

[*Aron.* Villaine, I have done thy mother.]

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood. 90

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:

Nurse give it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse and draws.*]

Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*

With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode, 100

Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it scornes to beare another hue:

78. *Out you*: 'Zounds, ye-QQ.

82-3. bracketed l.-QQ.

96. *sb'one*: shone-3-4F.

104. *white-limb'd*: white-limed-2POPE.

For all the water in the Ocean,
 Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourelly in the flood:
 Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age 110
 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world do I preferre,
 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
 Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie. 121

Aron. Why ther's the priviledge your beauty beares:
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
 Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,¹
 Looke how the blacke slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
 He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed ^{1 complexion}
 Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you,
 And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
 He is enfranchised and come to light: 131
 Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say unto the Empresse?

Dem. Advise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult.

121. *ignominie*: *ignomy*-Qq.

My sonne and I will have the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety. 140

[*They sit.*]

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so brave Lords, when we joyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you brave the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so at *Aaron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the delivered Empresse. 148

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away:
Goe to the Emprresse, tell her this I said, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed, 160
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe¹ with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all, ¹*plot*
And how by this their Childe shall be advaunc'd,
And be received for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

145. *at: as—Qq. 3-4F.*

150. repeated *the* out—2-4F.

159. *Muliteus: Muli lives—2SINGER.*

148. *none: no one—Qq.*

153-4. 1 l.—Qq

Harke ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funerall, 170
 The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
 This done, see that you take no longer daies
 But send the Midwife presently to me.
 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. *Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets. |

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*
[*Dem. & Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*]

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes, 180
 And secretly to greeete the Empresse friends:
 Come on you thick-lipt-slave, Ile beare you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
 And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
 And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up
 To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

[Scene iii. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
men | with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes
with | Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
 Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
 Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

176. *trust: trust*—2-4F.

176-7. 2 ll. ending *air*, *Tamora*—THEOBALD.

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
 She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
 You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
 Yet ther's as little justice as at Land: 11
 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
 'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
 And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
 Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
 I pray you deliver him this petition,
 Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
 Shaken with sorrowes in ungratefull Rome.
 Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable, 20
 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
 Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
 And leave you not a man of warre unsearcht,
 This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
 And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heavie case
 To see thy Noble Unckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly us concernes,
 By day and night t'attend him carefully: 30
 And feede his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
 Joyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre,
 Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

7. *Astrea*: *Astræa*-2-4F.

7-10. 5 ll. ending *reliquit*, *fled*, *shall*, *nets*, *sea*-CAPELL.

10. *baply* .. *find*: *Happily* .. *catch*-1Q.

29. *Lords*: *lord*-2-4F.

30. *t'attend*: *to attend*-ROWE

Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maisters?
What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall, 40
Marrie for justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in heaven, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, steele to the very backe, 49
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven, and move the Gods
To send downe Justice for to wreake¹ our wongs:
Come to this geare,² you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrowes. ¹ *avenge*

Ad Jovem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe, ² *business*
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde. 60
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Ther's not a God left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:

[*They shoot.*]

46. *Acaron*: Acheron-2-4F.

50. *backe*: backs-QQ.4F.

53. *wongs*: wrongs-2-4F.

59. *Saturnine*, to: Saturn, to out-CAPELL.

Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes. 71

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gave *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But give them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven, 80
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?
Shall I have Justice, what sayes *Jupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Jibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Jupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter*:
I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier? 90

Clowne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heaven?

Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heaven in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the

70. *Ha, ha*: separate l.—DYCE.

80-I. I l.—ROWE.

88-9. prose—CAPELL.

78. *your*: his—I Q.

84. *Ho*: O—CAPELL.

93. prose—POPE.

Tribunall Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperiall men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you. 100

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir

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Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do it bravely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant: 120
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

[Scene iv. *The same. Before the palace.*]

*Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was ever seene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
'Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How ever these disturbers of our peace 10
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome: 20
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,

4-5. 1 l.-Qq. 9. *know the: know as know the*-CAMBRIDGE.
13. *and if: an if*-THEOBALD. 28, 29. *be: she*-ROWE.

Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives. 30

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
 Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
 Whose losse hath pier'd him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Then prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
 High witted *Tamora* to glose¹ with all: *Aside.*
 But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quicke, 40
 Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port. ¹*talk smoothly*

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
 I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I have? 51

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I have brought up a neck
 to a faire end. *Exit [guarded].*

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
 I know from whence this same devise proceedes:
 May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
 That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,

Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully? 60
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
 Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge:
 For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
 Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
 The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle 70
 They hither march amaine, under conduct
 Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
 Who threats in course of this revenge to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

King. [*Sat.*] Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
 I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 'Tis he the common people love so much,
 My selfe hath often heard them say, 80
 (When I have walked like a private man)
 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
 Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
 The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they meane thereby, 90

68. *Arme:* Arm, arm—WARBURTON. *my Lords:* my lord—DYCE.

78. *begins:* begin—ROWE.

84. *our:* your—QQ.

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
 Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes¹ to sheepe,
 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 The other rotted with delicious foode. ¹ *clover beads*
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for us. 100
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
 For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
 With golden promises, that were his heart
 Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
 Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*]

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
 Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
 [Even at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.]
King. *Emillius* do this message Honourably,
 And if he stand in Hostage for his safety, 110
 Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him with all the Art I have,
 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
 And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
 And bury all thy feare in my devises. ² *directly*
Satu. Then goe successantly² and plead for him. *Exit.*

108-9. bracketed l.-Qq.

109. *King*: misprint 1F. *Emillius*: Æmilius-Rowe.110. *in*: on-4F.

Actus Quintus.[Scene i. *Plains near Rome.*]

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,¹ 10
Let him make treble satisfaction. ^{1 injury}

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in us, wee follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*:

[*All.*] And as he saith, so say we all with him. 20

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupes I straid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye

6. *signifies*: signify—*Rowe*.

16. *Behold*: Be bold—*Qq.* 3-4*F.*

20. All the Goths prefixed (*Omn. Omnes*)—2-4*F.*

Upon the wasted building, suddainely
 I heard a childe cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noyse, when soone I heard, 30
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
 Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
 Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
 Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
 Villaine thou might'st have bene an Emperour.
 But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
 Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
 For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe, 40
 Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
 With this, my weapon drawne I rusht upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
 To use, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devill,
 That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
 This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
 And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
 Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou convay
 This growing Image of thy fiend-like face? 50
 Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
 A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
 And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
 First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
 A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, save the Childe,
 [*A ladder brought.*]

44. *needefull*: misprint IF.

58. *Get me a Ladder*: given to *Lucius*—2POPE.

And beare it from me to the Empresse:
 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things, 60
 That highly may advantage thee to heare;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
 'Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
 For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
 Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
 Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies 70
 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
 I say thy Childe shall live.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
 Thou beleevest no God,
 That graunted, how can'st thou beleieve an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not, 80
 Yet for I know thou art Religious,
 And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
 With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
 Which I have seene thee carefull to observe:
 Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
 An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
 And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
 To that Ile urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God so ere it be

63. *more: but:* colon out-2Q.

66. *And if:* An if-WARBURTON.

74-5. 1 l.-2Q.

64. *and if:* an if-DYCE.

71. *preform'd:* misprint 1F.

77-8. 1 l.-2Q.

That thou adorest, and hast in reverence, 90
 To save my Boy, to nourish and bring him up,
 Ore else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou,

I begot him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
 To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
 'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
 They cut thy Sisters tongue, and ravisht her, 100
 And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
 That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
 As sure a Card as ever wonne the Set:
 That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me, 110
 As true a Dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be wnesse of my worth:

I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,

Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,

And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.

92. *Ore*: Or-QQ.4F. 93. repeated to out-2-4F. 94-5. 1 l.-QQ.

96. *Insatiate luxurious*: *Insatiate and luxurious* 1Q.

101. *off*: out-QQ.

102-3. 1 l.-QQ.

104-5. 2 ll. ending 'twas, it-CAPELL.

I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand, 120
 And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
 I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
 When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
 Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
 And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
 She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tydings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is. 131

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:

Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
 Few come within few compasse of my curse,
 Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
 Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends, 140
 Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
 Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
 And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
 Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their deere Friends doore,
 Even when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
 And on their skinnnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters,
 Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things 150

128. *sounded*: swooned-3-4F.

135. *few*: the-2-4F.

143. *the teares*: their tears-2-4F.

145. *doore*: doors-3-4F.

146. *was*: were-MALONE.

As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
 And nothing grieves me hartily indeede,
 But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the divell, for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be divels, would I were a devill,
 To live and burne in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue. 159

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

[*Enter a Goth.*] *Enter Emillius.*

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
 The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
 And for he understands you are in Armes,
 He craves a parly at your Fathers house
 Willing you to demand your Hostages, 170
 And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Luc. *Emillius*, let the Emperour give his pledges
 Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*, *Flourish.*
 And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*]

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
 I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

165. *what: what's—Qq. 2-4F.*

And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
 To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
 Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
 To ruminat strange plots of dire Revenge,
 Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him,
 And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore. 10

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
 Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
 That so my sad decrees may flie away,
 And all my studie be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I meane to do,
 See heere in bloody lines I have set downe:
 And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
 Wanting a hand to give it action, 20
 Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
 Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 Witnesse this wretched stump,
 Witnesse these crimson lines,
 Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
 Witnesse the tiring day, and heavie night,
 Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*: 30
 Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
 She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
 I am Revenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
 To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,

22-3. 1 l.-Qq. 25-6. 1 l.-Qq. 35. *the mind*: thy mind-2-4F.

By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
 Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
 Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
 Ther's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
 No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale, 40
 Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
 Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
 And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
 Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some service ere I come to thee:
 Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge, 50
 Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
 And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
 And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
 Provide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Jet,
 To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
 And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
 And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
 Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
 Even from *Eptons* rising in the East, 60
 Untill his very downefall in the Sea.
 And day by day Ile do this heavy taske,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

36. *my*: thy-2-4F.

53. *Globes*: globe-DYCE.

56. *Murder*: murderers-CAPELL. *cares*: caves-2-4F.

60. *Eptons*: Hyperion's-4F.

44. *offenders*: offender-1Q.

54. *as*: out-1Q.3-4F.

65. *them*: these-DYCE.

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes: 70
Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure, 80
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

[*Enter Titus below.*]

Tit. Long have I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a devill? 90
For well I wote the Empresse never wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had such a devill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

66. *Rape*: *Rapine*-2-4F.

67. *Cause*: 'Cause-Pope.

84. *play*: *ply*-Qq.

Tam. What would'st thou have us doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Cbi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And Ile be revenged on them all. 101

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion, 110
For up and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes, 120
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,

101. *Ile*: I will—2-4F.

107. *be is*: he's—HANMER.

110. *thy*: thine—1Q.

Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
 Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes, 130
 Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
 Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
 Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
 This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
 As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
 And take my Miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
 Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe, 140
 And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. [*Aside to her ſons*] What ſay you Boyes, will
 you bide with him, |

Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
 Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
 And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they ſuppoſe
 me mad, |

And will ore-reach them in their owne deviſes,
 A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leave us heere. 150

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet revenge farewell.

[*Exit Tamora.*]

Cbi. Tell us old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

[*Enter Publius and others.*]

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron, Demetrius.* 160

Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceav'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an' houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,
[And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.]

[*Exit.*]

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.* 172

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, 180
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere

159-60. 1 l.-Qq.

160. *Chiron, Demetrius*: *Chiron and Demetrius*—THEOBALD.

166-7. bracketed 1.-Qq.

Then Hands or tongue, ner spotlesse Chastity,
 Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
 What would you say, if I should let you speake?
 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
 This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
 Whil'st that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:
 The Bason that receives your guilty blood. 190
 You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
 And calls herselfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad.
 Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
 And of the Paste a Coffen¹ I will reare, ¹*pastry-case*
 And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
 And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her increase.
 This is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
 And this the Banquet she shall surfet on, 200
 For worse then *Philomel* you usd my Daughter,
 And worse then *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come.
 Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
 Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
 And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
 And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
 Come, come, be every one officious,
 To make this Banket, which I wish might prove,
 More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast. 210
He cuts their throats.
 So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
 And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

184. *Inhumaine*: Inhuman—ROWE.

198. *her increase*: her own increase—2-4F.

209. *Banket*: banquet 3-4F. *migt*: may 22.

[Scene iii. *Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.*]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes [with Aaron prisoner].

Luc. Unckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Unckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
Let him receive no sustenance, ferter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperous face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong, 10
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us.

Aron. Some devill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Unckle, to convey him in,

[*Excunt Goths, with Aaron.*] *Flourish.* |
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
[Æmilius,] Tribunes [Senators] and others.* 19

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,

2. 'tis: it is—2THEOBALD.

8. *Emperous*: *empress*'—1Q.

15. *Inhumaine*: *Inhuman*—ROWE.

7. *ferter*: *fetter*—2-4F.

12. *my*: *mine*—QQ.

For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hoboyes.

A Table brought in. [The Company sit down at table.]

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a vail over her face
[young Lucius and others].*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord, 32
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this, 42
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not survine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall, 50
A patterne, president, and lively warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

27. *nie*: *nigh*-4F.

41. *And*: *AN*-HANMER.

51. *president*: *precedent*-POPE.

32-3. 1 l.-QQ.

48. *survine*: *survive*-2-4F.

Sat. What hast done, unnaturall and unkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares have made me blind.

I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,

And have a thousand times more cause then he. 59

[To doe this outrage, and it now is done.]

Sat. What was she ravisht? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your *Hignesse* feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
[thus?]

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They ravisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satu. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred. 70
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Kills Titus.*]

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus,*
and others go up into the balcony.]

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By uprores sever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe, 80
These broken limbs againe into one body.

56. *bast done*: hast thou done-2-4F. 59-60. bracketed l.-QQ.

61-2. 1 l.-QQ.

62. *Hignesse*: misprint 1F.

63. bracketed word-1Q.2-4F.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be hanc unto herselfe,
 And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
 Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
 Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
 But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words, [*To Lucius*]
 Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our Auncestor,
 When with his solemne tongue he did discourse 90
 'To love-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
 The story of that balefull burning night,
 When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
 Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome the civill wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grieve,
 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 And breake my very uttrance, even in the time 100
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 Were they that muredred our Emperours Brother,
 And they it were that ravished our Sister,
 For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd, 110
 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.

82. *Goth.*: out; *Let*: **Lest**-CAPELL.

83. *cursie*: court'sy (curtsie)-3-4F.

102. *band*: out-QQ.

100. *very*: out-1Q.

105. *This*: **Then**-QQ.

Lastly, my selfe unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
 And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
 And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point, 120
 Sheathing the steele in my adventrous body.
 Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
 My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth:
 But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
 Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
 For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves,
 Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
 [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]
 Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
 The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*, 130
 Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
 The Villaine is alive in *Titus* house,
 And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
 Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakeable past patience,
 Or more then any living man could beare.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
 Have we done ought amisse? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poore remainder of *Andronici*, 140
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast us downe,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
 And make a mutuall closure of our house:

118. *And I am turned: I am the turned*—1Q.

134. *course: cause*—4F.

Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilli. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so. 149

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
[*To Attendants*]

And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore*,
To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.
[*Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.*]

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I governe so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Unckle draw you neere, 160
To shed obsequious teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*]

These forrowfull drops upon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and loving kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us

146. *reverent*: reverend—*Rowe*. 150. *Mar.*: All—*Cambridge*.

151. given to *Marc.*—*Capell*.

155. given to All—*Cambridge*. *to*: out—*Rowe*.

163. *forrowfull*: misprint 1F. *bloud-slaine*: blood-stain'd—3-4F.

To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee: 171
 Sung thee asleepe, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow:
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
 In that respect then, like a loving Childe,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
 Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
 Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
 Bid him farwell, commit him to the Grave,
 Do him that kindnesse, and take leave of him. 180

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: even with all my heart
 Would I were Dead, so you did Live againe.
 O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

[*Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.*]

Romans. [*Æm.*] You sad *Andronici*, have done with
 woes, |

Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
 That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and fannish him:
 There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode:
 If any one releeves, or pitties him, 190
 For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
 Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
 I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
 I should repent the Evils I have done.
 Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
 Would I performe if I might have my will:
 If one good Deed in all my life I did,

185. *Romans:* out, speech given to *Æmilius*—GLOBE.

I do repent it from my very Soule. 199

Lucius. Some loving Friends convey the Emp.hence,
And give him buriall in his Fathers grave.

My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:

As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:

No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:

But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:

Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,

And being so, shall have like want of pitty.

See Justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore, 210

From whom, our heavy happes had their beginning:

Then afterwards, to Order well the State,

That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

200. *Emp.*: Emperor-2-4F.

201. *Fathers*: father's-Rowe.

211. *From*: By-Qq.

FINIS.

